

FREE IN CANADA
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RAW

NUMBER 35

AUGUST, 1989

MOJO NIXON

HODADS

SNFU

ACCUSED

WET SPOTS

FIREHOSE

KING SWAMP

LUDWIG VON 88

REARGARDE BENEFIT

FIRST BAND 8:30, LAST BAND AT MIDNIGHT

THURSDAY, AUGUST 10

HIGH YELLOW

ALTERNATIVE INUIT

INFAMOUS BASTURDS

SHLONK

HAZY AZURE

FRIDAY, AUGUST 11

HUGE GROOVE

RISE

JERRY JERRY

HODADS

ASEXUALS

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12

BROKEN SMILE

RIPCORDZ

NORTHERN VULTURES

ME MOM & MORGENTALLER

GROOVY AARDVARK

FOUFOUNES ELECTRIQUES

97 ST-CATHERINE EST 845-5484

\$6⁰⁰

EACH NIGHT

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26

MALLET HEAD

RISE

ROCKTOPUS

BABY JUDAS

STRATEJAKETS

TENT OF MIRACLES

THE
Apocalypse
CLUB

757 COLLEGE ST., TORONTO

533-5787

A Cheap But Sincere Attempt To Give Ourselves Some Free Publicity And Get You To Come To The RearGarde Benefit

This is a blatant attempt to separate you from your money. Just a little bit, really, but a very necessary bit for us.

Yeah, I hope you haven't missed that big ad on page two or the posters up around town so you know exactly what I'm talkin' about—the RearGarde Benefit. It's actually our second annual. We'd hoped to avoid doing a second one, but circumstances, events and (most of all) cash have forced it upon all of us.

We go through our set-up on a regular basis in these editorials, but a lot of it doesn't seem to sink in... We're not looking for money to pay salaries or even expenses for the folks who work on this rag—all we want to do is pay the printing bills. An average 28-page issue is now costing us upwards of \$3000 to print and about another \$800 to \$1000 to cover everything else from typesetting to film supplies to transportation, to mailing, etc etc etc... And we've been averaging between \$1000 and \$2500 in ads each issue.

Obviously we're turning up a little short here. We do have a grant from the Jeunes Volontaires program which we are eternally grateful for, and which covers some of the shortfall. But it's one of those 'keep the kids off welfare' grants that gives the actual magazine less than \$1000 each issue.

So. We need your money. And rather than going corporate and trying to go glossy and charging huge bucks for RearGarde, we go the Benefit route. This way, the bands we've been supporting return the favour by donating their time and talents to the magazine for a night, and the scene we've been supporting get to come out, see a great show (or three) real cheap and help in our continued existence at the same time.

This year, the Benefit has expanded the way the mag has expanded, with an added night in Toronto at the Apocalypse Club...

The Toronto show demonstrates that, while we do still need extra cash, the zine has expanded a lot in the last year: We now print more than 50% more copies than a year ago; we've expanded our coverage and distribution into Toronto; we've actually been monthly for the last 10 months (with the exception of a planned vacation last month) and the number of contributors, articles and features have all expanded.

So why the need for a benefit? Well, it's probably because we're just not attracting the 'right type' of people to work for us. We do have a

great enthusiastic staff ('tho 99% couldn't hit deadline if the world was ending the next day), but never in our four years of existence have we attracted one real Business-Type who could sell the magazine and promote it properly to advertisers.

That's a person we're still looking for. Sure we could make ourselves more attractive to advertisers by covering the latest from **Phil Collins**, **Corey Hart** or **Guns and Roses**. But I wouldn't want to read stuff like that, never mind have to write it, and I think most of our staff members would agree...

Another problem is probably that we've just been around for too long. Nowadays a lot of people in the Montreal scene seem to be pretty apathetic about RearGarde and keeping it going: Clubs don't advertise, or take out smaller ads than in other papers; labels don't advertise; people in the scene will volunteer to interview their favourite band, but no one'll volunteer to help with the shitwork (sorry, ma) that keeps the magazine afloat...

Being around for four years, many folks have entered the scene with RearGarde always there, and they don't know what it was like without it.

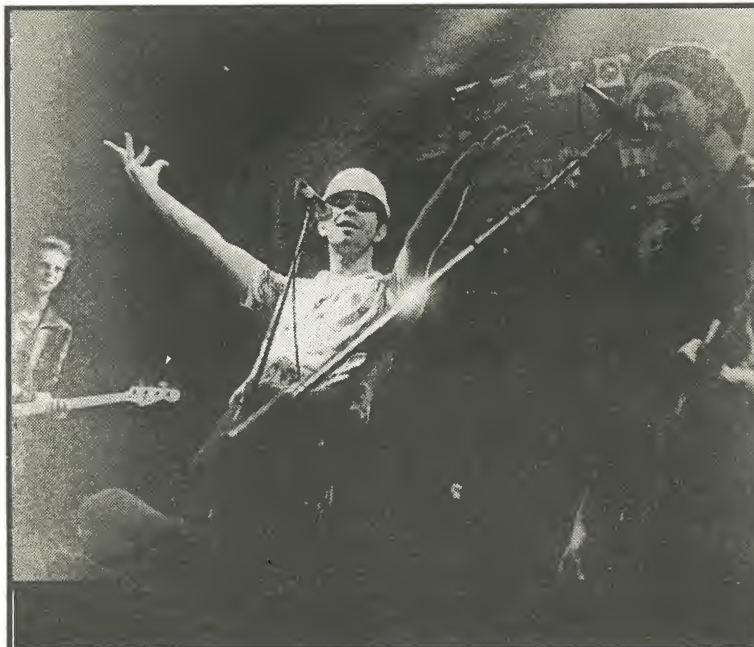
This really hit home at the recent New Music Seminar in New York where we discovered that only one or two other cities in North America have a free indie magazine, and that none of those cover the local scene or the types of bands covered here (concentrating more on the REMs, the U2s and the **Bon Jovis** of the world)...

We have been getting great reactions whenever we take it out of town, though, whether it be New York, Toronto, or out West. I guess it's just easier to like something you ain't used to...

Anyhow, enough whining. When it comes down to it, the bands in Montreal and Toronto (and beyond) have been very supportive and have made it possible to have these Benefits which will keep us going into the glorious future. We thank them profusely, as well as those of you who'll give up some of your hard-earned (or hard-welfared) bucks in order to keep us around.

By the way, get there early coz the first band goes on at 8:30 sharp and the last band's off by midnight so the dancing morons can take over the club at the witching hour.

Paul Gott



REAR GARDE

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Ya know we're organized coz we got a Second class postage registration number: 8182.

BAD BRAINS



PHOTO: Elisa Casas

It's a show many people in Montreal have been waiting for for a long time, and one that people may have bought tickets for several times in years gone by only to have those shows cancelled.

Yes, **Bad Brains** are on their way to our fair city for an all-ages show at the Rialto on August 9, and this one is on for sure (so we're told). "The old tours were cancelled because of personnel problems or problems with the promoters," says Dan Webster of Fofounes, who are presenting the show. "They won't have any problems getting over the border. All that stuff about them having criminal records and being barred from entering Canada is simply not true."

The Montreal date (backed up by **Boot Sauce** and **Rocktopus**) will be their first Canadian show on this tour to support their new album. "The new LP's great," says Dan. "And they're as crazy as ever... Tight, rocking, and funkier than ever, but with a metal edge."

A show not to be missed, just save some \$ for the **RearGarde** Benefit happening the next three nights.

Bad Brains tickets are \$16.50 in advance at Rialto, Fofounes, Dutchy's & Ticketron. \$20 at the door (if there's any left). Show starts at 8 pm and ITS ALL AGES.

Hiya, hiya, hiya, and welcome to yet another edition of *As The Scene Turns*. When last we left our heroes, they were struggling vainly in the grip of the *Monster From The Canadian "ID"* (that's: Indifference and Dopyness) while Brian and Mila cackled hideously from their private beach in the Florida keys...

Meanwhile, Back At The Ranch Department: The **Hodads** have become the first anglophone act to be signed to **Audiogram** records who've bought up all the copies of their 12" single to use as promo material and are re-releasing it as a 7".

This has already netted them a couple of appearances on French TV programs *Côte*

Desjardins and *Beau et Chaud*. "We played with the *Beau et Chaud* house band—kind of like the Johnny Carson Orchestra. But it was really great—a few hundred thousand people got to see Sandy's smiling face," says Dan. "Actually, their make-up people were painting her like Picasso, piling on layers and layers. So we went out on the town drinking beer afterwards complete with all the make-up and let people stare at us."

The band has also been motorized with the donation of "a big old Dodge ambulance," so expect them at a college near you sometime this fall...

Get Rich Quick Department: "We went to Toronto and New York recently and people in both cities paid us money Not to play," says Al of **Shlonk**. "So now we're working on a career of getting paid not to play. Maybe we'll just become the world's biggest assholes and the soundman won't want to deal with us and they'll pay us to go away."

The **Band That Eats Drummers** is also (surprise!) looking for a new drummer: "Kelly'll be leaving us after the next couple of shows. Goddamn cry-baby thinks two bands are enough or something," says Al, balancing the bad news with some good: "But we did pay off our practice space so now we can go into it again."

The band is still planning a lot of shows, with bands like the **Reverb Motherfuckers** and the **Willies**, both in town and out. Says Al of their last T.O. show: "The kids were rolling around on the ground in front of us. Must be a new trend or something..."

Either that or food poisoning.
Miscellaneous Bits & Pieces Department: The **Infamous Bastards** have recorded once again. What they'll do with the tapes noone knows... the **Birth Defects**

Capital Punishment

By John Sekerka

Jazz, jazz and more jazz. Not just Toronto. Not just Montreal. Yes kids, Ottawa has one too. More to come as the vent comes to fruition (they made me write that, honest). Anyway I'm told it's gonna be more accesible and friendlier than ever, but people tend to fib me.

Local AOR station **CHEZ-FM** is in the midst of its annual **ShareChez** (clever huh?) contest for local performers. Here's the nutshell: Local band wants to make it big. They pool life savings and record two tunes, one which gets played on the air.

A body of somebodies gather, order out, tell industry jokes and after some coin flipping, decide on the ten most worthy. These finalists play off in a Woodstockian type gig and the winner is crowned. They get money, studio time and some things that will remain behind closed doors. It all sounds pretty cool, except that shlocky bubble gum drivel bands usually win. But here's hopin'...

Speakin' of **Chez...** According to the new ratings (a family of hicks out in the hills were polled) the once mighty and influential now plays third fiddle to some AM shlock and country dung stations. So along with several specialty programs (new age, heavy metal) the best alternative show on commercial airwaves got the boot. The moon sets on **Some Uncharted Evening** and now we have nothing to do on Wednesday nights. Damn you big-wigs.

On the brighter side, the **CRTC** hearings showed promise and U of Ottawa's **CFUO** could be burnin' up the FM airwaves before you can say "take that shit off!"

The saga continues. When we last left you, the **Town Cryers** had just shuffled drummers. Now they've got a new album and a performance video (where are the mikes?) glutting the market. The vid is gettin' a lot of attention so there's no avoiding it.

Speakin' of vids, the **Whirleygigs** shot one for *Land of the Silverbirch*. This one combines train tracks and a 1965 Boy Scout Indian Day. Back to the new album, it's still growin' on me and that's good, 'cause some of the stuff I rave about is now collectin' dust.

The rumours were true! The rumours were true! The **Desmonds** will appear on the new **Og** compilation. And if that ain't enough there's new material being demoed as you read.

New on cassette: the **Option** has finally released their debut and it's apparently just the start of a slew of new material that will be available to the generic public. Critics say it's sixties-like, but what does that mean? (*Absolutely nothing if it was said in **RearGarde**—ed.*) I'll let you know when I hear it.

New on cassette part two: Long time strugglers, the **RainKings** have a four track release out. It's full of catchy, drivin' roll. I hear the **Kinks** and **Elvis Costello**. But then who doesn't.

New on cassette part three: Imagine a bunch of physicists playing wacko progressive stuff and sounding a lot like **Jehro Tull**. Now if only quad was chic again. **Full Scale Defection** is the name of the week. If there's a God...

So **Scarlett Drop Dan** didn't drop off a bridge bungy style but he is keeping in the air with his hangliding. Despite what you may hear, I think this hobby a tad risky, so catch the Drops before it's too late. I think Dan said they have some recording lined up but he said so much and my ears were fried that night, so who knows.

Fellow record nerd **Bob** always asks bands about their practice space. This lead to a surprise revelation about a **Get Smart**-type like underground vault below our **Arts Court**, that not only houses several local acts (**The Trapt**, the **Whirleygigs** etc.) but also serves as a great bomb shelter. It's scary to imagine what the survivors in **Ottawa** will be like.

Harsh Reality have been conspicuously quiet. It turns out Brian went to summer camp, so there you go.

If you can't gather enough pennies to visit our paradise and catch **Lucky Ron** (and you that **Handsome Ned** was dead) then wait for the movie. **Yassir**, the movie. The **Rockumentary** is being filmed by some **Montreal yahoo**. Yahoo.

Hey, if you think you deserve mention in this column, and who doesn't, leave a message at **CFUO**, care of me, 85 Cumberland, K1N 5C3, (613) 564-2903. Only music related folks please, no solicitors.

Everything's Groovy

Dearest **RearGarders**,

Pleased to meet you...I'd like to say how much I've enjoyed the few issues of **RearGarde** I've come across. You really cover a lot of ground in all the interviews, reviews, various articles and odds and sods—and with great photos, comix and graphic design. I wish we had something comparable here in the west. Keep up the great work.

Wishing good things!
Brian Lunger

Rocktopus, pt. 5

Dear **Rocktopus**, **Isa B**, and **RearGarde**:

I realize that I must clarify myself and my viewpoint surrounding the **Rocktopus** graphic in your March issue.

I did not write to **Roktopus** directly, then or now, because I am not "blessed" with vital information necessary to send them letters. Thank you, **Isa B**, for the support, though I truly hope you meant you were against "sexist illustrations" instead of "sexual illustrations". I really don't have a problem with porn, just certain stereotypical roles used to depict women that re dehumanizing.

As for y'all at **Rocktopus**, you are responsible for your use of that particular graphic, but the editors at **RearGarde** are responsible for what actually gets printed. That's why I wrote to them. Both you and the editor of **RearGarde** protest my viewpoint as pro-censorship; By demanding that **RearGarde** not print anything sexist is an infringement on your freedom. In actuality, does this mean you have the freedom to print anything demeaning, debasing and abusive of women, but women do not have the right to be free from abuse? Maybe it's silly of me to expect

more from **RearGarde** than the abuse I get daily from media, from men in the street, basically almost everywhere.

You say that the use of that particular graphic was random and incidental. To think you gave no thought to what visual imagery you use in relation to your band is extremely disturbing in that your awareness of the oppression of women is almost nill. The fact that you think it's a joke doesn't mean it's not offensive.

And Paul, you vehemently defend the **Cro-Mags** on the issue of racism, but yell about censorship when it comes to the issue of sexist stereotyping. What does that mean in relation to your "apolitical" stance? I do realize that the June/July issue of **RearGarde** featured women musicians and I for one appreciate it. But I don't understand your refusal to address the issue of sexism.

Ben D.T.

P.S. I do not exist to serve **Rocktopus** and I am not naybody's "mama".

(I never defended the **Cro-Mags** about anything. In both cases I just say that you must judge the magazine as whole rather than one isolated item that might offend you—ed.)

Rocktopus, pt. 6

Dear **RearGarde**,

I'm wondering: do **Ben D.T.**, **Isa B.**, and the rest of all those "angry young women" have nothing better to do with their spare time than flip through pages of **RearGarde** (and the **Mirror**, from the letters I've seen) in their never-ending quest for "sexist, misogynist" material?

Come on.

Hustler, **Club International** and the rest of those skin mags yeah, but—**RearGarde**??

Just because the editors (and one of 'em is a woman, no less) decided to run a band's

logo (maybe of slightly warped taste, but who am I to judge?) instead of resorting to self-censorship is no reason to slag the mag.

Kudos to **Paul 'n Emma** for having the sense to realize that most (unfortunately, it seems, not all) **RearGarde** readers are intelligent enough to make up their own minds about the stuff they see and read.

And by the way: I am a woman, and I am opposed to (real) sexism and violence against women, but I can also differentiate between a nonsensical cartoon and real life situations (like the non-rights of Iranian women, or right-wing fundamentalists trying to prevent abortions right here in Canada—think about that).

One final bit of advice to all you angry young women out there, remember: Before you can get rid of the anger in the world, you have to get rid of the anger in yourselves!

a happy young woman,
Irina

Say What?

The Editor,

As the 80's zoom to a finish amidst a landslide of verbal sludge burying the dream of the 60's in a quagmire of hypocritical nostalgia for the **Woodstock Nation**, people must realize that old hippies never die—they just keep peeing—and paying. Paying for having had the audacity to conceive of a world where evryone dances or no-one dances, and having kept that dream alive through twenty years of poverty and persecution. People have to understand that the hippie-Woodstock nation was the concep-

tion and creation of a very small minority and that the great things derived from it—sex, drugs, rock 'n roll, peace, co-op living, women and gay rights, free form clothing styles, save the environment awareness, etc. were accepted by the vast majority years later when it became socially, politically and commercially saleable to jump on the bandwagon, thus sinking the dream in a white-washed deluge of fear and loathing. First and foremost, **Woodstock** was not about music, or sex or drugs, it was about a place in the heart where everyone dances or no-one dances. That ideal was destroyed by a commercial holocaust, but it remains alive in the hearts of those who have always remebered it when it was the pure essence of the 60's.

Sincerely yours,
Jeff Barnes

Kudos from T.O.

Dear **Paul** or **Emma**,

Hi, I've been reading your magazine for quite some time now. My friend **Joanna** used to send it to me, and now I'm pleased to see that it makes its way to Toronto regularly. What I especially like about **RearGarde** is its expansion, a good change from the tendency of T.O.—Mtl snobbery and rivalry I've seen.

Thanks! d.d.

Kudo 2

Dear **Paul**,

I would like to thank you for giving us T.O. writers, musicians, etc. the opportunity to get some stuff in print. **RearGarde** was a favorite of mine in my Montreal days, and it's great to see the word spread.

Keep up the great work! (Does that sound dumb or what? But I mean it, honest!)

Regards, **Pat A.**



BANNED INFO

are launching their new cassette at Foufounes on the 17th with **Alternative Inuit and Ripcordz**... the **Asexuals'** 3rd LP *Dish* is finally out and that cover—well, it just ain't my cup 'o tea... **Broken Smile** are back from their extensive U.S. jaunt with SNFU... and that **On Garde** comp should be available at the **RearGarde** Benefit (or so we've been told)... our own **Cargo Records** is opening an office in Chicago to help bring all our wonderful Canuck sounds to those funny-accented folks down south...

Quest For A New Voodoo Pun Department: "We're going to Europe for real in October—Finland and Germany," says Gerard. "And the Greek version of *Big Pile Of Mud* is in Canadian stores now. It features a couple of bonus tracks including a version of *Waiting For The Man* guaranteed to make you say 'Oh'."

New LP's coming from Og include slabs

from the **Ripcordz**, **Bagg Team**, **House of Knives**, "...and, if we can get the master together in time, a *Live in Helsinki Deja Voodoo* album featuring all that same old stuff you hear every time you go to one of our concerts," says Gerard. "But it looks like it'll have Tony's incredibly long explanation of how **Johnny Burnette** died on it."

Og's oddly-successful band, **Too Many Cooks**, are still selling those albums and are getting set to once again back-up one of pop's brightest talents: "Yeah, **Samantha Fox** is coming back to do another Quebec tour. I guess she keeps returning because no one else in the world wants her," says Mr. Herk. "I'm surprised you haven't interviewed her yet—you seem to have a pretty high hooter quotient... wait wait, don't print that... of course, I'm just decrying **RearGarde's** blatant sexism." Um-hm.

It Came From Canada V will be out this month... Gerry Alvarez has quit the **Gruesomes** to go back to school. He'll be replaced by Al Boyd, ex of western Canada bands **Edgeware Road** and **Kentucky Church Bus** ("Kentucky Church Bus"?)... the **Dik Van Dykes** will be in town on the 19th to play Foufounes with **Voodoo**...

But We Hardly Knew You Department: Hopefully a premature announcement is the break-up of the **Huge Groove Experience**. Probably not premature because the announcement comes from the band's singer/songwriter: "The Huge Groove Experience is no more because it's no fun any more," says John. "We might have burnt ourselves out from doing too many shows too soon. In any case, our last show will be the **RearGarde** Benefit."

There is still a good chance that John will form another band later this Fall, perhaps with a stripped down name like **Huge**...

Elvis Isn't Dead, He's Drinking Bass Beer And Puking On The Sidewalk In Front Of Station 10 Department: ...or maybe not. But still **Station 10** continues to try to raise the King once again ('tho if Priscilla couldn't do it, I don't think Casey'll have any luck). This time, the excuse for the Elvistivities is the anniversary of his death on the 16th.

"On the 13th, we have a spiritualist coming to resurrect the spirit of Elvis so he can be put inside the body of one of the Elvises at the club," says Casey. "Then on the 15th and 16th we have 12 contestants performing to find out who has the real spirit of Elvis."

But, why Elvis all the time? "It's a gimmick, let's face it," says Casey. "But of course we love Elvis. Who doesn't?"

The winner of the last Elvis contest won't be around this time as he's down in LA filming a movie. His role? Probably drinking



Hodads. PHOTO: Rina Gribovsky

Bass beer and puking on the sidewalk in front of the Cat Club.

Next up—a Marilyn Monroe look-alike contest...

Yeah, Sure Mack. You Get A Mohawk Cut And I'll Grow A Full Head Of Hair Department: Three O'Clock Train. Gee, that's familiar. And they're back (sort of) and playing shows again (sort of).

"We just played Bar G-Sharp and it was a real rockin' jam," says Mack. "We sounded real Punk—you shoulda been there. There was me and Stuart and three guys who had never played any of the songs before, even in practice. It rocked."

Why the jam? "I'm just trying to get back into playing live," says Mack. "I don't know what the band's final line-up will be—you tell me. Make up my mind for me willya?"

There definitely will be a working band by September as the Train has several shows scheduled. Also scheduled is a second-and-a-half album with 16 tracks recorded over the last two years. Also scheduled is Mack getting a mohawk hairdo. Yeah, right...

Hey, Like Let's Do Lunch Sometime Department: Captain Crunch etc etc has lost a drummer but not the will to keep striving in this harsh land of rock 'n roll (or something like that)...

"George left the band. There's no animosity—we still like George and he still likes us, he even played with us after the official break-up—but we all thought it was best to split," says Pat. "We think we might have a

new drummer, but right now we're just writing songs..."

Whatever Happened To That Darned Ant Department: A band in quest of a record deal is **Groovy Aardvark** who'll be playing Foufounes on the 12th (as part of the Benefit) and on the 24th.

"The show on the 24th is really a big show for us because we're inviting a lot of agents and promoters," says Marc. "We're trying to get a good contract that'll allow us to promote the band. The only things we really want are a mini-LP and a video to help get us better known."

They're already well-known in the province, having sold 1500 copies of their tape and having played several high-profile shows before cutting down their appearances recently.

"We played a lot in Montreal last winter so we tried to cool it a little bit this summer," says Marc. "But now we're working up to a big show headlining at the Spectrum this December. It's funny that promoters are willing to take a chance on us at the Spectrum but record companies won't offer us a decent contract. Hopefully, if we fill the Spectrum,

we'll get an offer we want..."

Not Dead Yet, Or Anywhere Close: Chinese Backwards are still alive and kicking despite a rather low profile these last couple of months. "Because of the crisis in China we've been laying low... No, actually we've kind of exhausted the city but we're still around," says Alan. "Drew (their drummer) is no longer with us. He was just getting tired of the whole scene and thought he might slow us down."

Drew's been replaced by some sequencers and samplers that mean a new direction for the band: "We were more garage before but now we're getting more into the New Beat sound," says Alan. "I guess we're kind of a cross between the two."

And, oh yeah, Laz cut off all his hair and is now completely bald. Obviously a trend is starting here...

And that's it. Once again this blurble was compiled by Paul Gott and J.D. Head from the **RearGarde** wired services. Send your propaganda, funny photos and generally free stuff to **RearGarde**, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal H3G 2N4. Ta.

Gods of the Hammer

By The Mole

Sinister Dude Ranch: When not fighting off various diseases, the Dudes can be found opening up shows for everyone and his (Hated) Uncle, or hawking their six-song demo tape *Those Wanna-Be Cowboy Assholes With The Toy Drum Kit* (includes their big hit *Larry Larry*)

Hated Uncles: The best band in the city (not counting Edgar Breaux's new group). *Cassette/booklet Variety Show* is now into its second edition. Headlining shows at the Gown & Gavel.

Wet Spots: The group that is banned virtually everywhere in the city. *Wake Up With The Wet Spots* LP selling remarkably well.

Dik Van Dykes: *Waste MOR Vinyl*, despite receiving the usual sophomore LP[®] perception problem ("it's not raunchy enough", "it's not as good as the first one" etc.), is the #1 campus LP in the country as of this writing. If you want to really appreciate the gulf between the merse and the non-merse in this country consider this: in a Mohawk College talent contest a panel of judges consisting of major label reps voted down the Diks in favor of Lily Blackwater, whose LP (recorded with the prize money) gives new meaning to the word stiff.

The Diks may be barely competent at their craft, but they have opened the doors for young 'uns of their peer group (see: **Wet Spots**, **Sinister Dude Ranch**) who, seeing the inordinate amount of success accredited to the band, said "Yeah, I can do that." This is something that bands of my peerage (**Moon Crickets**, **Teenage Head**) don't "get" even though they went through the same thing in their day. Feeling old, pops?

Gang Of Fools: Most talked about heavy/minimal/punk/metal/folk/rock/blues fusion demo tape since, well, since I don't know.

Shot Before Dawn: Split to New Orleans.

Moon Crickets/Loudmouths: Might reunite—already have (in private).

Forgotten Rebels: New LP due out in the fall. A glam Baby's dream come true.

Edgar Breaux & Co: Edgar's ground breaking work with **Simply Saucer** (the '73-'75 era edition—pre Steve Sparks) will be vinylized in the fall (one way or another). Edgar forming group with ex-Saucer members Kevin Christoff, Derek Christoff and Jeff Bakalar.

Beachnuts: Gary Pig Gold's (q.v.) new avant-surf garde outfit. Holding out for more money, but no *Cycle Annie*. Too bad.

Marilyn's Remains: Keith's (formerly of **Oppressed Pus**) new post-rock outfit (read: progressive speedcore).

One Big Happy Inbred Family Department

Floral Arrangers (aka **Florida Razors**)—two parts **Trouble Boys**, one part Dan Ribbons, add Tom Wison. Sit on smae list of eons.

N.B. Martele recorded by original **Florida Razors** ('82-'86) being sifted through by Kevin Leeman for possible release.

Trouble Boys: NYC: they came, they saw, they left. Playing Gown and Corktown. Will credit them for playing in T.O. Is there big things in the works? There better be...

Teenage Head: The stupid masses at large that couldn't see the possibilities inherent in the *Electrical Guitar* line-up are probably happier than clams to have the "old" Head back. I don't hold ill feelings towards Frank and Nick (great guys, wonderful entertainers, etc) but there is no reason (yet, I would like to be wrong) to think that they will be anything more than a nostalgia act.

N.B. The 90's: 70's nostalgia.

Meanwhile, Dave "Rave" Des Roches has set his sights on the Big Apple—writing, recording (possibly with Jon "Jr's Fram" Tiven, producing (Shane Faubert of **Cheapskates**) etc. And—don't tell a soul—plays with G.Pig Gold's **Beachnuts** occasionally.

Jack Pedlar is now playing in a moderne country rock band. He deserves better...

New Wave Scene Report

Cockleshell Heroes: see **Summer Snow**.

Summer Snow: see **Munday Nuns**.

Munday Nuns: see **Hut Museum**.

Hut Museum: See **Cockleshell Heroes**.

Progressive Minstrels: Recorded LP produced by Tim Gibbons. The mind reels at the possibilities.

Underground: \$20,000 for an LP. Think about it...

Altogether Morris: Actually a store now called **Groovy Kingdom**.

New Club On The Block

Okay, now everyone can just stop bitching about the lack of venues in town. A new venue has been featuring live local bands for a couple of months now and, if anything, it's being under-used by Montreal's 'alternative' crowd that's supposedly desperate for clubs.

La Terrasse on Mont-Royal Street has been booking shows since early June in an ever-expanding schedule. "The schedule is filling out a little more as we get more well-known," says Darren, the club's booking agent. "We'd always planned to book bands thursday through sunday and—while it's a little sporadic at times—it's building up to that."

The club presents a wide variety of bands and certainly doesn't worry if the music gets a little heavy at times, hosting bands like **Shlonk**, **Pale Priest** and **Lizard** among others. Also, unlike other clubs in the city, it doesn't cost a band anything to play: "There are no up-front charges for set up or sound or anything. If the band doesn't have a soundman, I'll do the sound myself," says Darren. "We've also been paying poster costs too, but I don't think we can afford that any more."

The crowds just haven't been ("crowds", that is) at times eperhaps because the club is still new to many people and because of its location: Being on the Plateau Mont-Royal it's where a lot of people live but not where they party.

Another problem, soon to be eliminated, is the set-up: "It's kind of a weird place, but I know the owner's planning on doing some renovations soon—to make the stage a little higher and to get rid of the cafeteria-like tables," says Darren. "He's going to make a go of it and see how things work out in August and September."

There you go. A nice new venue. Go out and use it.

La Terrasse is at 30 Mont-Royal West (849-3030), near the Mont-Royal metro or 55 bus. This month's line-up at publication: 11th: **Boot Sauce & Me Mom & Morgentaler**; 17th: **Sunugal**; 19th: **Sudden Impact**, **Swiz**, **American Standard & Moral Crux**; 24th: **Stratejackets**, **100 Flowers**, **Kearney Lake Road**; 25th: **Genetic Error**; 26th: **Ultra-Man & Whoppers Taste Good** (from Chicago).



Pale Priest. PHOTO: Shawn Scallen



Mssing Link.

PHOTO: Rob Ben

T.O. Mutterings

Compiled by Rob Ben and Julius Sinkivus

Flying the Coop: Where have the homeboys gone? Tim Alchin of **More Stupid Initials** is now formerly of **More Stupid Initials**. He now calls Montreal home, bashing away for **Rise**. Timing is everything they say. **Option Magazine's** recent review of M.S.I.'s EP suggests the time was right. He even cut his hair... two good dreads deserve another.

Vinyl Happenings: Lots and lot-of-fresh stuff from Hogtown. **Guilt Parade's** long awaited (was it?) debut on **Fringe Product**. Not on CD, but wait for the court case in the fall. Also, long gone local hardcore heros (were they?) **Sons of Ishmael** are going to release a seven inch of previously recorded stuff and are reuniting to tour all over the place I guess. **Roctopus** are still recording for someone big. Pretty big. Maybe big. They're recording nonetheless and word has it the tentative title of all their efforts will be, get this, *Stooge*.

Anyone familiar with the price of putting out records today will understand why **Jill Heath** has changed the name of her record company to **Loan Wolf Records**. No, not really, but the long time Toronto promoter(?) personality sure is releasing enough vinyl lately to make you think so. Coming up from **Lone Wolf** will be the new **Channel 3 LP**, a licensed **Toxic Reasons LP**, a **Henry Rollins** spoken word LP entitled *Short Walk on a Long Pier* (originally on cassette and now out in print) and of course the new **Rise EP Joy**. Man oh man, 'whatta woman', isn't that what they say?

There's Big Ships, There's Small Ships, But There's No Ship Like Sponsorship: It's rock and roll. **Q-107 Homegrown** finalists and Toronto's most accessible band (they have their own Fax) **Shock Hazard** are rumoured to be the first Canadian band to be approached by skateboard and clothing mega mogul **Vision Street Wear**. Is it true that skater and lead singer **Dave Walsh** will join the ranks of **Poison** and

sport all kinds of Vision duds in upcoming performances? Could **Baby Judas** be next in line for super-sponsorship? Will skaters who sing, or singers who skate dominate the Hogtown music scene? Or will they merely be the only ones who don't have to pay for their clothes? The real question is, does anyone know Toronto exits?

The Sincerest Form: It had to happen. Finally, a bunch of guys have decided to start a **Ramones** cover band in T.O. Going by the name **Sweet Little Ramona** they supposedly please with ease. Could this be the first sign in an underground tribute trend? Word has it that certain band members (all boys no less) are planning to moonlight as **Liz Taylor's Horse**, a tribute to **National Velvet**.

Everyone's An Authority: With last year's demise of Toronto's independent music magazine **The Nerve** and **Now** magazine's inadequate local music reporting, the city has spewed forth numerous publications trying to fill the void. **M.E.A.T.** is a free and smudgy thing (aren't they all?) that covers Toronto metal. **Jam**, with Joey Vendetta, is a bit broader, covering live music of all kinds not limiting itself to rock and roll. Full of variety but you

have to weed through the shit... I mean, other stuff.

Beyond these the most impressive new readable is **Club**, self-dubbed as Toronto's nightclubbing authority. The fine print say that it's brought to you by **Streetsound Ltd.** Read that as **Star-sound**, a local record store specializing in import dance stuff, really big with local DJs. Covers both live music and the club scene. Includes tips galore. Last ish's top ten approaches to getting booted out of a T.O. club had, "spitting at people on the dancefloor" at the #10 spot but gaining fast.

Stepping Stone: It appears that **Morgan Gerrard** (ex of **Graffiti** and let's not forget **One Solution**) has moved into a somewhat lucrative position at the new **Club** magazine (nothing smudgy here). Is it true that Morgan, the "dreadmaster from the school of hipdop" will build up his portfolio and then move on to a prestigious anthropology journal? That's the buzz.

Colour Me Sexy: Is waitering being slowly phased out as the day job of choice by local musicians and other creative types? Is old black and white movie colorization the rage? Seems to be. One local company employs several band members, go-go girls and

The Big Show In T.O.

Let's start with the weirdest item first. The Gasworks, long the official club of Bon Jovi set, decided to expand their clientel somewhat by staging gigs with the **Forgotten Rebels** and get this, **Bunchofuckingoofs**. God only knows what the usual clientel thought when the Goofs took to the stage.

The **El Mocambo** has been reopened with a show by April Storm, although the new owners promptly complained that the band was too punk for their taste. Well excuse me but after seeing the puke yellow color they've painted the place I just have to say that your club is too ugly for my taste. So there!

Paul Neuman, drummer for **No Mind** (a.k.a. **Superfly**) has moved on to greener pastures. Actually he's moved to Montreal to join the Doughboys who have a deal cooking with **Enigma** and tour of Europe planned. The guys in **No Mind** (or **Superfly**) are taking the summer off before resuming action. Long my favourite Toronto band I wish good luck to all concerned.

Uncle Sam's new lineup have just released a twelve inch single of **Whiskey Slick** along with a cover of **Link Wray's Rumble**, album to follow along with gigs in Toronto August 28 and Montreal sometime thereafter, so plan accordingly.

Don't be expecting to see the **Lawn** on tour since they broke-up a year or so ago but that hasn't stopped them from releasing their debut LP. Never very successful, they did attract a loyal core of fans all of whom will soon own this LP.

More new stuff from **Sturm Group** back after a long absence—hell, I figured they'd broken up too. Also a new EP from the **Teknakuller Raincoats**, LP from **Pictures come to Life**, tape from **Die Screaming** and a single from **Rain**. New releases planned from **Blackglama** an EP (I heard it, it sounds good). New LP's from **Jane Siberry** and **Dorian Grey**.

other music types. That probably explains all the inside jokes going around about **McHales Navy** and other nonsense.

Simple Questions: Which guitarist of a prominent local band was seen throwing hot moves on unsuspecting women by singing his own greatest hits across the dancefloor at the infamous **Boom Boom Room**?

Is it true that grunge masters **Fuzzcore** have had a drink named after them in a certain huge—say that with force—club. Will this potable become the rage among the young and leather clad all over this city they foolishly call Gotham?

Overheard:

"It's great to be here. We love Montreal."—**Verbal Assault** in Toronto.

"The best American band I've seen today. Sure. That's it."—**Weasel** when asked about **ALL**.

"Mingle. We can't get babes just standing around."—**Stymie Roctopus** at **RPM** disco night.

"If it's a good photo it must be mine."—a **RearGarde** photog while visiting T.O.

"Aaaaah. It's only hardcore"—**Chris** of **Sudden Imapct** on any given night.



By D. Jackson

Hm... another T.O. column... let's see if d' bitch has got anything to say..

Yeah... something to say... Toronto's **Demics** (though London Ontario natives claim them as their own), are reforming. You remeber them... *I Wanna go to New York City*... Big hit several years back. Seems that bassist **Iain Staines** has left **Itsa Skitsa** and is anxious to make some money, or as singer **Kieth Whitaker** puts it, "lolly." You may recall since the demise of the **Demics**, **Keith** fronting **Hoi Olloi**, the band that was the inspiration behind the **Parachute Club's** song *Boys Club*. Yes, **Steve Koch** will be on guitar, the only change in line-up will be **Steve G.**, (ex-**Blackglama**), on drums. The boys find themselves being courted by major management and concert promoters...

Paul Bishop, (ex-**Youth Youth Youth**), also recently left **Blackglama** due to personal, professional and artistic reasons. Actually he's the third guitarist to leave **Blackglama** within the last year. First to go was **Andy MacNeil**, now with Montreal's **39 Steps**. Next off was **StiLife's** **Mark Staples**...

Bad Boy of the Month **Steve G.** somehow found himself arrested for three counts of mischief. Not liking the looks of him—must be the tattoos—the cops roughed him up bad, then slapped an assault charge on him. Seems the cops got confused about who was doing the assaulting...

Sucksexx had a demo release party... You mean you want us to pay to hear your demos? **Drew Masters** in his **Music Express Metallion** column voted these fag-bar regulars, the "Best Unsigned Metal Act". This is the same **Drew Masters** that manages the band and writes about them an awful lot in his **M.E.A.T.** fanzine. If **Drew** stands to make money due to the signing of **Craig** and the boys... well... isn't this just a little too unethical?...

Guess you all read about **Bunchofuckingoofs** in **Rolling Stone** being named the pride of Toronto. But do you remember **Crazy Steve Goof** running for City Council a few years back? His platform? Rid Toronto grocery stores of glue and bring in beer... Five Easy Steps To Explode A Gluehead according to Goof: (1) Observe Gluehead, (2) When He Refills, (3) On The Third Huff, (4) Strike Match, (5) And Touch To Bag.

Seems the Goofs have a new target: junkies, hence the stickers popping up stating **Junkies Suck. B.F.G.**

The **Phantoms** are in the studio with **Billy Byans** (ex-**Parachute Club**). The **Phantoms**... aren't they the guys that do acid before every show? (oh oh, first column and you're going to get us sued. Well, heck guys, it's a Joke, okay, a Joke!—ed.)...

In further recording news, **Kim Clarke Champniss**, "Much Music Rockflash Reporter" has recorded an album. Ooh, the boy's come a long way from the days when he was just plain **Kim Champniss** spinning discs in Vancouver's infamous **Luv-A-Fair** and managing **Images in Vogue**...

Since we're on the subject of recording, I just want to say that I'm convinced **Michael Damien** decided to record **David Essex's Rock On** after hearing **Bambi's** much hipper version during a stay in Toronto...

Almost every club has their **Rock Night**. Except for the **Empire** whose owners beat **Savage DJ J.W.** for not playing any house music...

Look for **D.J. Vania** (**Sgt Rocks**) in the new **Kim Mitchell** video **Rock & Roll Duty**...

Lori Yates dumped her band **Rang Tango** and headed to Nashville with big stars in her eyes and now her solo album, the one that was to catapult her to fame, has stiffed. Bad karma, man...

Stop the press... I just relieved a death threat from **Charli Azidparti** (ex-**Viletones**, **Sex Tattoo 7**)—and my little cat too!—So I gotta go now...

P.S. More **Monday Night Jazz** at the **Cameron**?? Molly, you've created a monster!

So. Yo.

Just like to remind y'all that we like feedback... and not just the musical kind.

If you get the urge to send a letter (we'll print almost anything) or just drop us a line to let us know what you think of the rag, Please Do.

We try to respond to most letters somehow or other ('tho we're admittedly about 4 months behind in our mail right now... at least the thought is there).

That oft-mentioned **RearGarde** address is P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, Quebec H3G 2N4.

THE (MOJO)

NIXON TAPES

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

On 15 July, Mojo Nixon and Skid Roper rolled into town to open up for the Pogues and Violent Femmes, and treated Montreal to their own brand of hillbilly punk. I had the luck to interview one of the best bands of punkified folk-rock but I only managed to secure one half of the duo, Mojo Nixon. What I found was a completely relaxed (unlike on stage), friendly, and sincere guy who talked straight-forwardly about rock 'n' roll in his heavy-duty Virginian accent.

RearGarde: So why are you guys touring together (with the Violent Femmes and the Pogues)?

Mojo: Economically, we're all booked by the same company. We've played with the Pogues before, and it went real good. There's only a few bands that we can open up for that makes any sense: Bands that are bigger than us and bands that draw two, to five thousand people instead of five hundred; the Pogues and the Violent Femmes are among these bands. So, it's 'The Monsters of Folk-Punk', or the 'Beer and Wood' tour!

RearGarde: I was kind of surprised when I saw the listings and the posters for the show downtown: There were only pictures of the other two bands...

Mojo: Well, we're the low man on the totem pole, but when we play clubs and headline, we're the big man on the totem pole.

RearGarde: So how many people do you think you would draw otherwise?

Mojo: Normally—I don't know about Montreal—in the States it's somewhere between two and six hundred.

RearGarde: Have you guys played Montreal before?

Mojo: We played here once about three

years ago with the Pogues. I don't know where it was, some place upstairs.

RearGarde: Club Soda?

Mojo: Yeah, that's it, that sounds familiar. But it was no big deal, there was something else going on, some kind of Jazz Fest or something like that. We had to play really early so some really bad, fusion, new-age stuff could play after us. It wasn't John Coltrane though...

RearGarde: The Jazz Fest this year was great. I saw a great blues guy called Lonnie Brooks...

Mojo: I know him. He's originally from Mississippi, or from Texas, but he lives in Chicago. Was he with the Fabulous Thunderbirds?

RearGarde: Don't I wish.

Mojo: Y'Know, I was in this movie Great

Balls of Fire and I play the drummer, and Jimmy Vaughn from the Fabulous

Thunderbirds plays the guitar player, and John Doe from X is the bass player. We had a really good time.

RearGarde: How did that happen?

Mojo: I've been trying to hook up with a movie for a while and I did these promo spots for MTV about a year ago which were these little things 15 to 60 seconds long that they'd show between videos. I'd spout out something that I'd normally say in a song or on stage and then MTV would use their slogan: "MTV, Completely Different" just to look hipper than they really are. But it helped me out too.

RearGarde: Well I know your video for *Elvis Is Everywhere* was on MTV and on the Canadian equivalent, MuchMusic. Were these video channels a good medium?

Mojo: Well it's kind of backfired on me now. MTV wanted to use me to do all this stuff because I'm a real out-going loud-mouth. I've done Mardi Gras, spring break weekend, and Super Bowl coverage for them, but they won't let me play the *Debbie Gibson is Pregnant With My Two-Headed Love Child* video. So, fuck 'em. They want to use me, but they won't help me. They gave me all sorts of bullshit reasons why they won't play the video. First was that I said "fornication" but then I convinced them that it was a legitimate word: it's in the Bible and in the dictionary. I didn't say "fuck" so I wouldn't have this problem. The second reason was because we mentioned Spuds McKenzie but Anheuser-Busch said that they didn't care. Now they're telling me that it's because I say "Rick Astley has a teeny-tiny two inches of terror," which is obviously open to interpretation. Tone-Loc describes somebody as "Oscar Meyer

Weiner" so I don't see how one can be any different than the other. I think the real reason they're afraid of the video is because it makes fun of Tiffany, Rick Astley, and Debbie Gibson, and they make their money by programming those videos for little kids.

RearGarde: So you don't see yourself as a teen star?

Mojo: I see myself as a deflator of teen stars! (Plenty of laughs)

RearGarde: I was reading a couple of descriptions of you guys from some records and they described you as "white-boy blues gone hog wild" and "Jonathan Richman and John Lee Hooker on mushrooms."

Mojo: Yeah, those are good. You might want to throw Hunter S. Thompson and Richard Pryor in there. Maybe Joey Lee and Professor Longhair. And Ishmael Reid; he has a similar sense of the absurd, as I hope I have, and as I know many lampooning satirists or nutcases have.

RearGarde: So what's the deal with Elvis? Is he still around?

Mojo: Nah, I don't think so.

RearGarde: So there's no chance of you touring together?

Mojo: No, unless in the eighth dimension or if we transcend science. But Elvis is a time and a place thing. If he had been born ten years earlier, someone else would have taken his place. If his twin brother had lived, there might have been duelling Elvises! But he came along at the right time.

RearGarde: So are you guys in the right time and place?

Mojo: I don't know, I hope so. Like I said tonight, my heart is in Paris '68, and there's not a lot of that going on. But I keep thinking, I didn't really miss the front end of the Clash-Sex Pistols thing, but had I moved to New York in '77 and not gone to college in Ohio, I probably would have formed a lower East Side punkish Clash-Ramones-MC5-Dolls-Jerry Lee Lewis rock'n'roll band—which I eventually formed in Denver in 1980—and I would have made some sort of record and by now would have been completely burned out. In that time too, I didn't have nearly the command of the stage I have now and wasn't as great a songwriter as now.

RearGarde: About your songs: How did you ever get the inspiration to write *Amsterdam Dog Shit Blues*?

Mojo: Well, we went to Amsterdam, and there's dog shit everywhere. The centre city is 400 years old and there's no grass, only one park. So if you walk your dog, you have to take it where there's no grass, just cement. We went over there because our record company had just opened up an office in Amsterdam so we played about 20 shows in Holland. So I just wrote it while I was over

there. It's just on that compilation album now, but we're putting out a CD of our first album and it should be on that. I'm not used to CD's, they are just too clear and pristine. Doing away with vinyl is not a good thing though.

RearGarde: Your music is pretty straightforward: just a guitar, washboard, and drumsticks. Do you think you may expand?

Mojo: Yeah, we've done basically everything in the studio with horns and keyboards, almost everything except for an actual drum set. The last album we had rock'n'roll songs, bayou stuff, a gospel song, and a country song, so we've covered a relatively wild range of Southern sounds.

RearGarde: What do you think about James Brown's situation?

Mojo: I think it sucks. Football players, congressmen, and Ollie North don't go to jail. James Brown needs help. He resisted arrest so he should pay a fine. If he had shot at the cops then I could understand putting him in jail. James Brown went out of his way in the 60's and 70's to calm down riot situations by going out in the streets and on TV. He's crazy, but he should be cut some slack.

RearGarde: Are you a child of the sixties?

Mojo: Well, later sixties, I'm 32 now, so I guess sort of early seventies.

RearGarde: What kind of stuff were you growing up with?

Mojo: Well my father ran a soul radio station so I had Sam & Dave records before anyone on the block. I had all the soul stuff as a kid, and the stuff on the radio like Led Zeppelin and stupid early seventies bullshit. I also had the local country influences. I didn't come into any new wave stuff until the first Patti Smith album and I thought I was the only person in the area that had it.

RearGarde: How did you hook up with Skid Roper?

Mojo: I met him in San Diego in '83. We had both been in a number of bands to no avail and this finally clicked. For the first year, we thought it was a joke but then as we became more popular, we stuck with it. We still think it's a bit of a joke but you can dance to it, drink to it, have fun, take mushrooms to it, and that's all that matters.

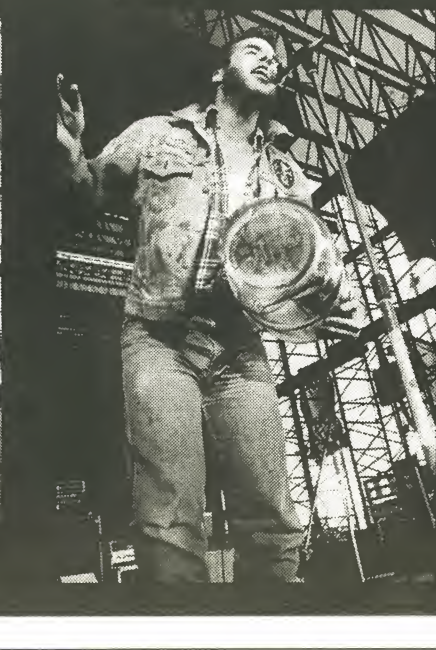
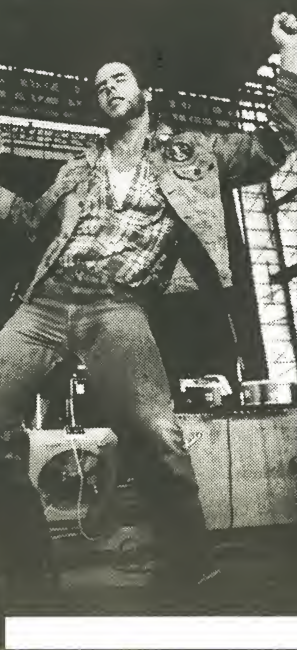
RearGarde: Okay, last question. The standard question is: what kind of ice cream flavour would you want to be? But I'm going to ask the old question. So, what kind of home appliance would you want to be? (Skid Roper walks in and answers he would want to be a cheese strainer.)

Mojo: I might want to be a blender so I could make daiquiries but I'm not really a big daiquerie fan. I guess if I was a vacuum cleaner I could give head a lot.

RearGarde: Would you like that?

Mojo: Yeah I guess so, 'cause my actual first name is Kerby so that's kind of vacuum cleaner-sounding.

Interview conducted by Ribredni Rair.



MUSICIANS

The Weables (original 60's pop style band) are seeking a bassist (lead vocals an asset). Influences: The Zombies, The Hollies, etc. Call Chantal: (515) 289-8514 or Patrick: 522-6003. c2

Bassist, drummer and guitarist: Looking for a keyboard player. We are oriented in Rock/Jazz/Progressive music. Serious person, open to different styles of music. Influences Yes, Genesis, King Crimson. Call Stephen: (514) 442-4688. c2

Drummer needed for a hot new rock band, to replace Mr. RX-17. Write to The Dead Poets, 265 St. Louis, St. Hilaire, Quebec J3H 2P9, or call Mathieu: (514) 467-4181. c2

Drummer wanted for hardcore band (Lesson of Vigilance). Influences are Heresy, Electro-Hippies, stuff like that. Serious inquiries only. Call Andy (514) 684-3635 or Theo 684-6884. c2

All Girl rock band looking for female guitarist. For info call (514) 849-1535. c2

Heavy Metal Band looking for singer. We play Metallica, Slayer, Exodus, Sword and compositions. Possible shows during summer. Own equipment would be great. Feel like having fun and banging your head call Patrick: (514) 494-4462, Claude: 672-4434, Patrice: 674-4074. c2

Musicians wanted for interesting pop band. Influences: Eno, Kate Bush, Japan, Cure, etc. West Island based musicians aged 18-25. Call A.J. at (514) 633-9956 after 7 pm, Serious calls only. c2

Drummer and bassist of a recently broken-up hardcore band seek a lead singer and guitarist. Influences are 7 Seconds, Verbal Assault and Alternative Inuit. Call Alex at (514) 620-6537. c1

Needed: guitarist, bassist and drummer to form an Alternative band (influences are: Smiths, R.E.M., 54-40). Erik (514) 735-8013 after 7 PM. c1

Guitar player with experience, looking to join or form a R & B band. Contact: Yves at 932-7514 or leave message. c1

Gene Cutler seeking a lyricist/vocalist to do original material, 20-25 yrs old. Influences, REM, the Smiths, Echo and the Bunnymen and Mighty Lemon Drops. Call Tony Between 5-6pm at (514) 842-1608. c2

Innovative bass player seeking female vocalist, imaginative drummer and percussionist to form industrial band. Phone (514) 271-7109. c1

Bassist and guitarist (with backup vocals) needed to form original band. Influences: Northern Pikes, Grapes of Wrath.

Call (514) 253-1188 after 8 PM. c1

Eudoxis seeks a versatile and well-equipped heavy metal drummer. Must play double bass and be fluent in speed and mosh styles. Originality and open-mindedness a plus. Call (514) 674-6872, ask for Richard. c1

Looking for members to form a band, only real necessity is to be serious. Call Martin (514) 272-8353. c1

Agile Composer looking for a demo partner. Are you intelligent and creative? Tolerant but experienced? Don't be intimidated, call (514) 488-0744, 7-10 pm. Gillis. c1

Serious rock band looking for female or male singer. Commercial rock. Original material only. Call Stephane at (514) 374-1916. c1

25 Years+ Exp. Pro. Guitar, bass and solid drums wanted for singer with U.S. contacts. Stage presence and demo required. (Roots oriented power pop with a rock edge). Call Ted (514) 844-5346. c1

FOR SALE

Shadow Compilation 2: 12-track sampler tape featuring tracks by: Heik & the Shakes, Din, Digital Poodle, Parade, Land, etc. Elektronik-industrial-ambient. \$7.00 from **Shadow Canada**, 5 Admiral Rd. Toronto, Ont. M5R 2L4. c2

Heik and the Shakes debut 12" 45 *Citizen Kane/Whiteout/Dub*. Electrodrigerock. Only \$8.00 from **Shadow Canada** 5 Admiral Rd., Toronto, Ont M5R 2L4. c2

Native American cassettes, featuring rap, reggae and hardcore examining the invasion of North America by European settlers. For free catalog, send S.A.S.E. to Technawbe Sound, 720J Carson Road, Ottawa, Ontario K2K 0H3. c1

Guitar. Yamaha VX series 15 amp and Quest Attack II electric guitar. Both for \$300. Best deal around. Phone Derek at (514) 695-6546. c1

Motion Picture Purgatory compilation of cartoons from RearGarde and the Montreal Mirror. \$4.95 post-paid (money order) from Rick Trembles, P.O. Box 693, Tour de la Bourse, H4Z 1J9. c1

Ripcordz. "Elvis Death Cult" T-shirts. 3-colour front. 2-sided. \$10 post-paid from Paul Gott c/o RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, H3G 2N4. c1

Guitar, strat copy. MCI Intertek s/s 1000. \$150. Phone Perry at (514) 931-2752. c1

BLISS. "Off the Pig!" On your chest. T-shirts. 3 colours, 2-sided. L,XL. \$10.00 ppd. Chrome cassettes. 6 songs. \$5.00 ppd. **BLISS.** c/o Mike Stevenson, P.O. Box 91, Succ. St-Henri, Mtl., QC, H4C

CLASS ADS

GRAPHIC: FRANK LINTZEN

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HODADS

by Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Okay, back in the late 70's, it was an age of mindless muzak (that word wasn't invented yet but we did have Barry Manilow and Carly Simon), mindless Disco and a style of music they called Progressive (which was really just mindless masturbating on the part of old limey rock stars). At that time I was listening to the screaming and yelling of Joe Strummer, Paul Weller and Elvis (C. not P.). So now, some would call me grown up and settled down and I'm not supposed to listen to that kid stuff anymore, well I still do but now I also listen to music that my mother and other mellow friends listen to.

One of these bands is Montreal's Hodads. Not that the Hodads are our local Neil Diamond or Tom Jones, but they have gotten past the late 70's Punk Rock buzzsaw guitars and have avoided the post Hardcore/non-Hardcore Heavy Metal dirge that today is known as Hardcore or Speed Metal or whatever they want to call it.

Tracing the roots of the Hodads is relatively easy as they slowly made their way into the local music industry by showing up one day at Concordia's student radio station's (CRSG) recording studios. One weekend about three years ago they knocked off five songs that became their initial demo tape and led to regular gigs at clubs like Station Ten and Secrets and a mind-blowing (on my part) show at CRSG's Christmas party and their first ever gig at a Knights of Columbus hall (The K of C are sorta like the Water Buffalos were on the Flintstones).

Discussing the evolution of the band, the two mainstays, Dan Tierney and Sandy Jo Antonio recount that when they began they were more of a garage band doing 60's covers like Duanne Eddy and Surf type songs. "Then we became a country type band," continues Tierney. "We had a lot of three-part harmonies and we had a definite country influence." Nowadays the band is more rockin' and had been even known to pull out early 70's (ughh) covers from bands such as Wings (double ughh).

All that time that the Hodads were evolving the Hodads were fairly consistent in playing around town even making occasional forays into Ontario where they are now considered conquering heroes in Guelph and Ottawa and now have some semblances of followings in Toronto, London and Hamilton.

Musicians have come and gone from the Hodads (one of those musicians is Dave Arden who now fronts local rockers BIG Green Shelter) and the band has made attempts to do things with hot-shot musicians but the basic core has remained together with Sandy Jo on bass and vocals and Dan on guitar and vocals.

In the past three years most bands would have released a couple pieces of vinyl or at

least an album but the Hodads have been happy to take their time and distribute rough demo tapes, it seems like every time I ran into Tierney he was always throwing me another tape. "We took our time because we just weren't ready," says Tierney. "(A few years ago) I had just graduated from ukelele to electric guitar and Sandy was just learning how to play the bass, we had a lot of catching up to do."

Catching up they did. Through the constant gigging and practicing (in a garage where it was too cold to even take off their winter jackets) they have been able to feel comfortable enough to not only get rid off that cold, drafty jamming spot but also but also produce a fine twelve inch 45 and a video to accompany this record.

The two songs they pulled from their repertoire were *La Routine*, ("a song about work") and the old Quebecois classic *Quand Le Soleil* ("the French equivalent to *Home On The Range*"). Both cuts were recorded around the end of their country period but *La Routine* would not seem lost in their newer, tougher set.

The choice of these songs is interesting in that they went with one original and a French Canadian folk song. "Initially I heard my aunts sing *Quand Le Soleil* at a family barbecue," says Tierney, "I just thought it would be a good song to use in our set."

"Look, this song is like a *La Bamba* to the Hodads," says Tierney (which is ironic



because the two interviews I did for this story were conducted over chili the first time and enchiladas and refried beans the second time). "We think it'll help get airplay in Quebec when DJ's see the song on the record, hopefully they'll also flip it over and play the other side," he adds.

When the Hodads play sets in front of predominantly Francophone audiences the initial reaction to *Quand Le Soleil* is indifference: "They are usually surprised by that choice of song but people seem to end up enjoying it."

Quand Le Soleil might be better known to some readers through those K-Tel type ads they have on TV where they feature the

greatest hits of some obscure (in my house at least) performer such as Boxcar Willie or Roger Whittaker. It seems every one of these guys has recorded *Quand Le Soleil* but they used the title *The French Song* when recording it. Tierney explains this as the guy in the States who owns the copyright for the song probably couldn't pronounce the title. "The song was sold in the States and it had French lyrics—there ya got the French Song. It had to be oversimplified for Americans," jokes Tierney. The French Song then became a hit for Lucille Starr but never again became as famous as it has been in this story.

The other side of the Hodads vinyl debut is a Tierney original with a short intro sung by Sandy. "After I wrote *La Routine* I still felt it was incomplete but then I remembered something that Sandy always sang that I thought was good and the words fit in exactly with the words of *La Routine*," he explains. "The song she was singing was called *The Hill Was Made of Marble* and after much digging I discovered that the song was written by a guy named Joe Glazier who used to write songs for textile workers." The Hill was Made... is sung mournfully over marching drums before the guitars come in and turn the song into a full-blown rocker. The intro easily reminds one of the Pogues on their best days.

Sandy was the one who found the song in a workers folk song book about five or six years ago: "I used it for an art exhibit I did about workers."

Initial reaction to the record has been extremely positive as all reviews have described it as well-produced but some make mention of the fact that only two songs appear on the record. "We had a choice of making either ten songs in a studio that isn't as good," says Tierney. "Or spend less time on each song." Adds Sandy, "Or we could do two songs that we'd be really happy with and try and get someone interested in producing twenty five songs where we can pick ten."

Their goal has been achieved on a limited, yet what could be a productive basis. Audiogram, which is the biggest label in Quebec and features artists such as Paul Piche, Michel Rivard and Marjo has bought up the twelve inch copies of their single and will re-release it on seven inch so that the twelve inch can be used for promo to radio stations. Plans are for the record to not only get pushed in Quebec but also to radio stations in Ontario, especially Northern Ontario stations as well as to stations in the Maritimes.

The significance of the signing is not lost on Tierney who notes that

"We are the first anglophone indie band to be signed to a francophone label that will actually do something for us." With Select (who are the biggest distributors in Quebec) distributing the record Tierney feels the Hodads will be "dealing with somebody who knows what they're doing and can really help the band." As of now the 45 is pressed and the promo push should get going any day now.

Reaction on the homefront about the record has been just as harried. SNA's (sorry, that's 'Sandy's') sister wrote her a letter complimenting her on the record. Her sister/teacher even went on to mention some of the reaction from her students... stuff like "wow, is she ever a good singer," and "I didn't know your sister was famous."

Dan's family was more worried about the misspelling of his last name on the label. "I told my mother that my name was spelt wrong so she got out this pen and corrected the spelling on her copy."

The video for *Quand Le Soleil* was taped over a weekend in late May just north of Montreal. With help from students from the Concordia's film department they were able to keep costs down. As Tierney explains it, "Heavy motivation, no experience but the script was simple."

Occasionally the Hodads may break into a fit of frenzied folkiness and break out the acoustic guitars. This has led to them opening for the likes of Graham Parker last year. They don't include the other three members of the band even Arden's replacement, ex-Heavy Metal guitarist Bill Thompson ("I'm just not part of the acoustic experience, actually I don't play anything without a wire in it"). Only Sandy and Dan are the musicians in the acoustic sets. So shows in the future the Hodads can regularly be expected to break up the sets with the non-electric guitars.

After all the changes the Hodads have been through and the recent signing to Audiogram, which clearly puts them above most independent bands in this city, the airplay of the video will have to help the band get the exposure they need to make the push into a national market.

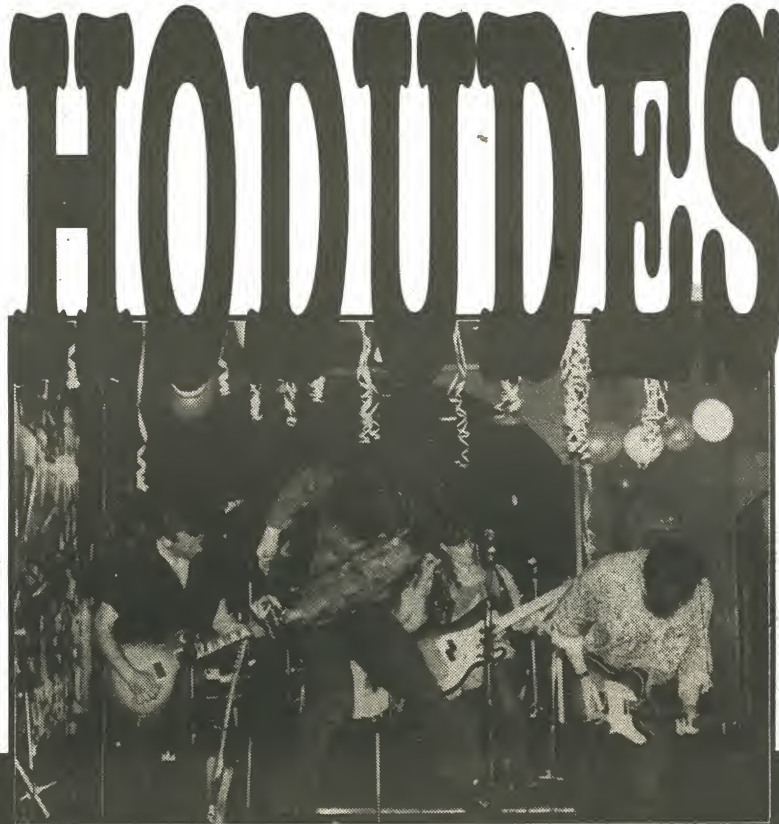


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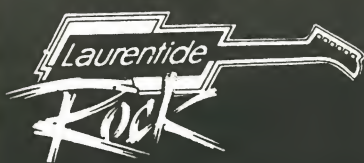


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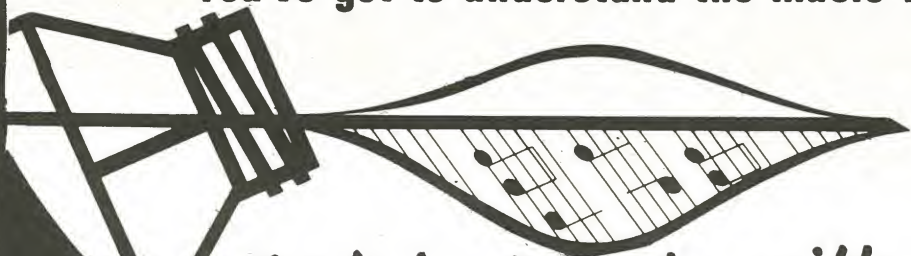
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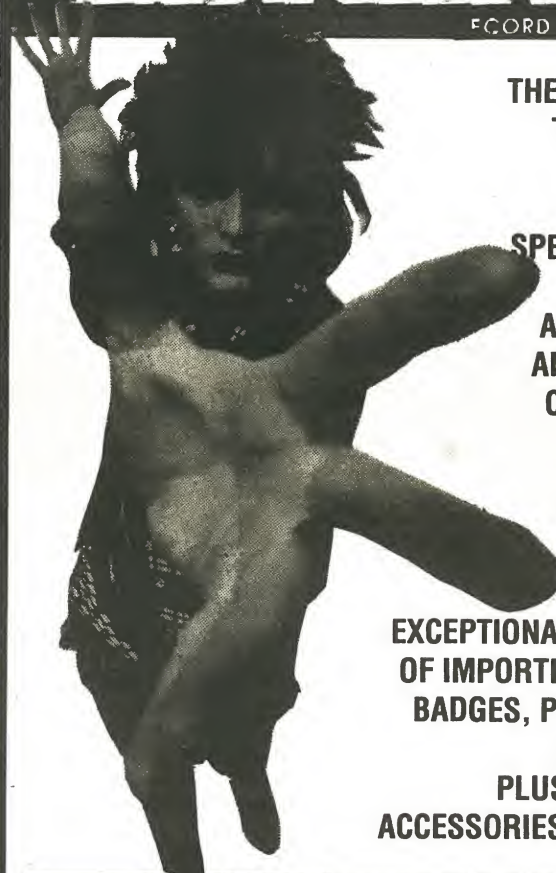
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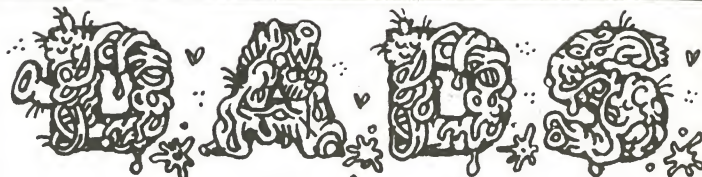
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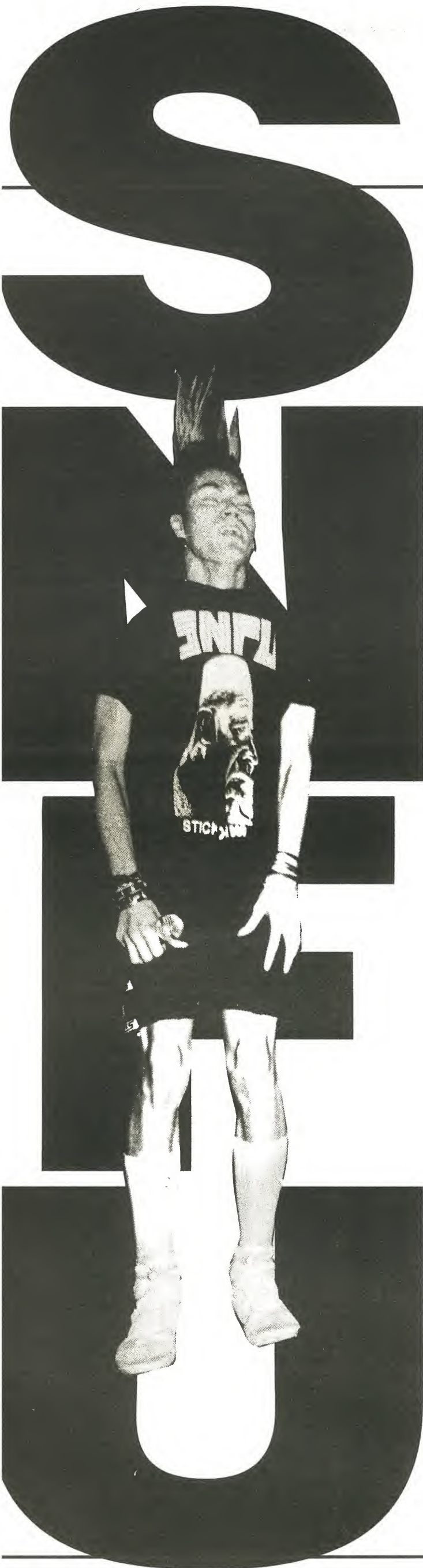


PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

SNFU? Hell, they're SNFU. Way back in issue number one we called 'em the best hardcore band in Canada. Now they're even better.

RearGarde: First of all, I'd like to know of this rumour that I've heard about you guys breaking up; is it true?

Mark: No, not really.

Brent: Yeah, we've heard the rumour, nah... well, if we were breaking up, I wouldn't tell you anyways. (Awww, why not?)

Mark: Well, after this tour, we're just going to go home and take it easy. We're not going to go home and tour again. We're not going to put out a new record right away either. We're just gonna take it easy but breaking up is not in the plans

RearGarde: So, you're just going to go home and 'chill out'?

Mark: Yeah, cos we've been touring pretty constantly for the past few years so for the sake of our next record, I mean, we could go home and do another record now and it'll sound like the last record, so I think we'll just take six months off and catch up on the rest of our lives besides the band and then maybe work on new songs for the next album. We're pretty lucky in the sense that we could take a year off and people will still know about us. So we could take our time, and put out another record. It'll be good for the band and make the next record much more interesting.

RearGarde: What will you guys be doing with all this time off from the band?

Brent: Try to write some new songs. Six months ago, I knew what we'd be doing: We'd do the tour and record the album and come out here and tour for a while and we had the European tour all set up and we knew the record would come out in the spring and do another major North American tour. So actually, it's good to sit back a while and basically write some new stuff 'cos we can't write on the road.

RearGarde: Let's yakk a while about the third album. I haven't listened to it in awhile, but I do remember that it is less "hardcore" than the first two.

Mark: Well, I think that's more like a natural progression 'cos as we get older, we learn to play our instruments better. So maybe the way that the songs are arranged makes it more complex and sound more mature but basically we're the same band, we've just been trying to refine our sound. I think we've always tried to capture our live sound on record and the last album pretty much does it. Our next record would be more of a general studio thing.

Brent: Our last record, we tried recording it live in the studio and tried to keep as much of the authentic live sound. That was the basic idea behind it and it kinda worked.

Mark: Yeah, but we're not trying to sound more 'rock n' roll' or more 'new wave' or anything. It's not an intentional direction. We just write the songs that come out.

RearGarde: How's the album doing?

Brent: Well, it's sold like 8,000 now.

RearGarde: Is that the biggest selling of the albums?

Brent: Well, we used to be on BYC label and we never knew how many we sold. Ten thousand maybe? They never sent us any statements, but I guess around there. The first two albums are being distributed on Cargo now. It might also help sales 'cos we just finished the tour.

RearGarde: Do you think Cargo would change anything on the albums like happens so often when other companies distribute?

Mark: Nope. I mean I wouldn't do it. It makes no sense. The idea is to capture the sound of the band at that certain time and for me to go in and mix an album that's five years old is a waste of time. I'd rather work on something new.

RearGarde: Do you feel that the third album is the better one of the other two?

Mark: There's certain things on the guitar that I can do that I couldn't do before.

Brent: If I listen to the first album I think that there's lots of stuff that I can do now that would've been great for the first album. But looking back, I'm not ashamed I did it or that kind of thing so it's not that bad. We still do some of the old songs live, so we don't hate them or anything like that.

RearGarde: What made you guys decide to cover the Cat Stevens' song?

Mark: That was Chi's idea. He wanted to do the song so he brought it in and played it for us and we all went "ugh!" But we tried it and played it a couple of times and kinda liked it after playing it. We did it before the Salman Rushdie and Maxipriest thing. It was kinda accidental. We didn't know that that'd happen.

RearGarde: You guys are very popular down in the States now, how do you feel about that?

Brent: I think we're more popular in Canada. Like, we do really well in some parts of the States and in other parts, pretty shitty. **Mark:** I think we're still more popular here. For our genre of music, we're pretty popular, so I guess we've risen to the top of that heap.

RearGarde: So you guys are in the middle of a big tour right now?

Mark: Actually at the very end. We've got six more shows left. Been on the road for ten weeks.

RearGarde: Any gruesome tour stories you want to share?

Mark: Remember that kid we hit with the van?

Brent: Yeah, we ran over a kid with our van. But that usually happens every tour so it's nothing exciting.

Mark: We saw David Johansen in New Orleans and we also met Metallica. I don't know, it's all a blur to me. We got pretty loaded in New Orleans. We didn't play there though.

Brent: We went down to the West Coast and then across to central United States. We

did a couple of months in the States and we've been in Canada for about a week now.

RearGarde: Were you headlining?

Brent: Yeah, we headlined every show.

RearGarde: Which is your favorite city to play in the States?

Mark: We had a really good show in Salt Lake City that was cool and also Washington DC. I like Chicago. Not to play, but I like going there and hanging out.

Brent: Yeah, our show didn't do so well there.

From here talk turns to cities and how Edmonton is a much more happening city than we think it is. And speaking of Edmonton, I couldn't resist asking the guys about Wayne Gretzky. They say stuff that probably only sports fans will comprehend, but being not a sports fan, I only nod and smile a lot. The guys say they miss bumping into him and seeing him roaming the streets of Edmonton.

RearGarde: What local Montreal bands do you like?

Mark: The Doughboys.

Brent: The Doughboys rule. They are one of the coolest bands in the world. No doubt about it. Serious.

Mark: Them, and uh, Broken Smile, and uh, I don't know. There has to be other bands here. Wait, let me think...

Brent: I like Voivod.

Mark: Yeah Voivod. Too bad April Wine broke up. What's Jim Clench doing now huh?

RearGarde: Sorry, I don't know which one he is.

Brent: He's the bass player! (This is said with an incredulous look of disbelief. He's probably thinking what an idiot I am that I don't know who Jim Clench is. Sorry. At that point of my life, I was too busy listening to disco. What's Gloria Gaynor doing now, huh?)

Mark: I liked Jerry Jerry a long time ago. I don't know if I still like them 'cos I haven't seen them play for a long time. But definitely The Doughboys and Voivod.

RearGarde: Yeah, yeah, I bet you're only saying that cos you're friends with them.

Mark: No, no. We're good friends with the Doughboys; I've known John for years. But once they tour again, they'll be at the top of the heap.

RearGarde: Do you guys know any jokes?

Mark: Jokes? I don't know any jokes. I can never remember any jokes that people tell me.

Brent: I haven't got any either. I'm just a cynical old man now. I don't have any time for fun dammit!

Mark: This is what three, four years of touring will do to you.

RearGarde: Any last words then?

Mark: Expos rule. I think they'll win their league this year.

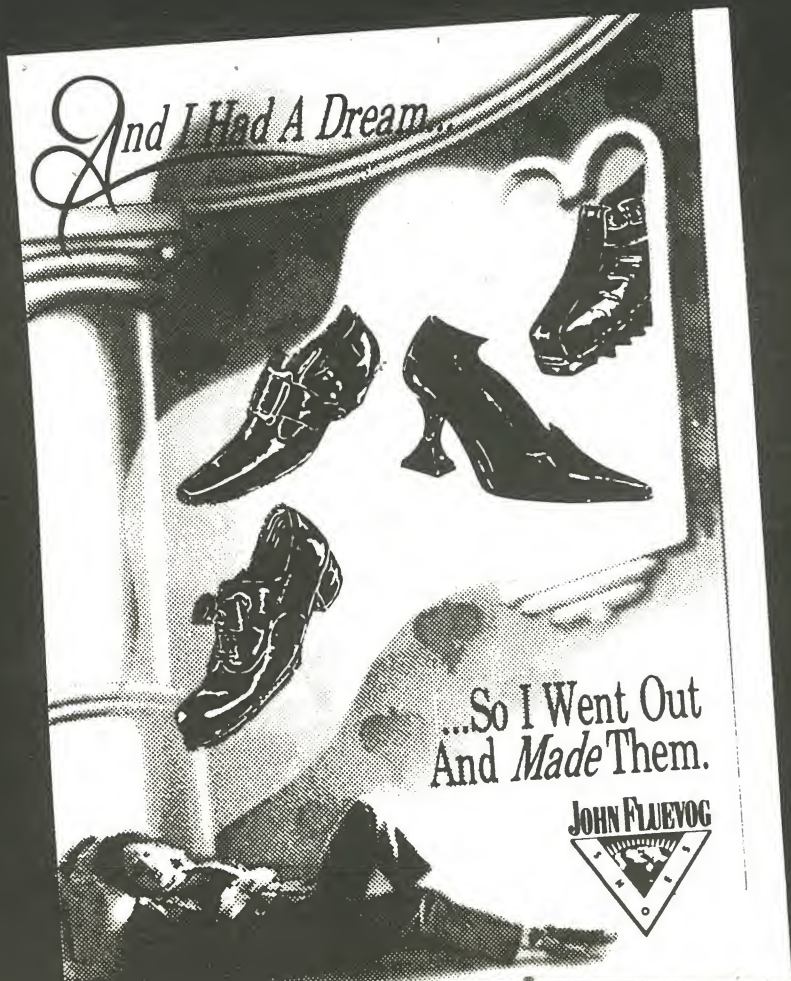
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RECORD CHART / PALMARÈS

DATE	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL	# of weeks
July 8 Juillet 1989	ARTISTE	TITRE	ÉTIQUETTE	# de semaines
(1)	WHIRLEYGIGS	THUNDERDUST	AMOK RECORDS	(9)
(2)	Handsome Ned	The Ballad of...	Virgin / A&M	(6)
(3)	Françoise Hardy	Décalages	Flarensch/WEA	(9)
(4)	The Sneetches	Sometimes That's All	Alias Records	(7)
(5)	XTC	Oranges & Lemons	Virgin / A&M	(16)
(6)	Condition	Swampwalk	Amok Records	(6)
(7)	The Trapt	A Minute Late...	Independant	(7)
(8)	Swinging Erudites	Unchained Parodies	1 Dimensional Records	(12)
(9)	Various Artists	White Trash	109 Records	(6)
(10)	Peter Case	Blue Guitar	Geffen / WEA	(10)
(11)	UIC	Live:Like Ninety	OG Records	(13)
(12)	Le Groupe Alexx	Sous Influence	Artiste / Select	(5)
(13)	Liane Foly	The Man I Love	Virgin / A&M	(9)
(14)	Joanna Connor	Believe It!	Rooster/Flying Fish	(6)
(15)	The Hodads	Routine 12"	Les Disques Commotion	(12)
(16)	Stiff Little Fingers	See You Up There!	Virgin U.K.	(10)
(17)	k.d. lang	Absolute Torch 'N' Twang	Sire / WEA	(5)
(18)	The Cure	Disintegration	Elektra / WEA	(7)
(19)	Jean Leloup	Printemps Eté 7"	Audiogram/Select	(8)
(20)	George "Wild Child" Butler	Lickin' Gravy	Rooster/Flying Fish	(5)
(21)	Dik Van Dykes	Waste Mor Vinyl	OG Records	(13)
(22)	Boiled In Lead	From The Ladle To...	Flying Fish	(5)
(23)	Marie Carmen	Dans la Peau	DD/Select	(17)
(24)	Various Artists	Everyday is a Holly Day	New Rose	(8)
(25)	PIL	9	Virgin / A&M	(6)
(26)	Maureen Tucker	Life In Exile...	50 Skidillion Watts	(8)
(27)	Ray Condo	Hot 'N' Cold	Crazy Rekkids/Cargo	(4)
(28)	10,000 Maniacs	Blind Man's Zoo	Elektra / WEA	(5)
(29)	Sylvie Boucher	Animale	Rec-Art/TransCanada	(8)
(30)	Concrete Blonde	Free	IRS / MCA	(4)
(31)	Andrew Cash	Boontown	Island / MCA	(2)
(32)	Tatertotz	Bohemian/Karma 7"	Giant Records	(3)
(33)	Graziella de Michele	Le Clown D'Alicante	Virgin France/Virgin	(3)
(34)	Jean Leloup	Menteur	Audiogram / Select	(2)
(35)	Too Much Joy	Son of Sam I Am	Alias Records	(2)

UNIVERSITÉ D'OTTAWA UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA

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Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, K1N 6N5 (613) 564-2903

Chart/Palmarès: Bob McCarthy & Carla Departed

LAST HALF OF JULY '89

order based on rate of airplay

KEITH LOBLANC
THE RAINBOWS
FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY
THROWING MUSES
SYD STRAY
SOUL II SOUL
KMFHM
GREATER THAN ONE
FOGAZI
STIFF LITTLE FINGERS
CHERIE HAAK
EDEL WEISS
A SPLIT SECOND
TAR BABIES
MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO
MC 900 FT. JESUS & DJ ZERO
MIKEY DREAD
FAITH NO MORE
THE ORDINAIRES
OLD SKULL
LES TACHES
TWIN HYPE
RHYTHM & BLUES
WORLD SAXOPHONY QUARTET
DIGITAL UNDERGROUND
UNCLE SAM
MACHINE
FURA DEL BAUS
PHRANC
ASEXUALS
DJIVAN GASPARIN
MORRISSEY
TROTSKY ICEPICK
BUFFALO TOM
LES SHERIFF
SUICIDE
KINSEY REPORT

STRANGER THAN FICTION
LIVE A LITTLE
CASHED SENSES & CROONERS
HUNKPAPA
SURPRISE
KEEP ON MOVIN'
MORE & FASTER
LONDON
MARGIN WALKER
SEE YOU UP THERE
HEART SHAPED WORLD
BRING ME EDELWEISS
COLOSSUM CRASH
HONEY BUNBLE
STORM THE STUDIO
MC 900 FT. JESUS
HAPPY FAMILY
THE REAL THING
ONE
GET OUTTA SCHOOL
LES TACHES OUPS...!
TWIN HYPE
RHYTHM & BLUES
DOOWATCHALIKE
WHISKEY SLICK
L'ESCLAVE N'ETAIT QU'UNE...
ERG
I ENJOY BEING A GIRL
DISH
DUDUK MUSIC FROM ARMENIA
INTERESTING DRUG
ELKABONG
BUFFALO TOM
LES SHERIFF
A WAY OF LIFE
MIDNIGHT DRIVE

NETTWERK
VIA
VAX TRAX
VIA
VIRGIN
VIRGIN
VAX TRAX
VAX TRAX
DISCORD
VIRGIN
VIA
VIA
VAX TRAX
SET
VAX TRAX
NETTWERK
RAS
SLASH
BAR NONE
RESTLESS
KSA
PROFILE
ELEKTRA
TOMMY BOY
SKELLER
GOLIATH
VIRGIN Spain
ISLAND
CARGO
OPAL
VIA
SST
SST
GOUGHNAY
VAX TRAX
ALLIGATOR

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MONTREAL, P.Q. CANADA H3A 1X9

(514) 398-6787

PHOTO: Rula

The Accused are Seattle's most exciting and heavy hardcore band. They played an almost sold out show at Foufounes on their mini east coast tour. They performed a tight set which was filled with a variety of both old and new songs including a version of Heart's Barracuda which was saved for the encore. Before their set we spoke with Blaine, the singer/screamer, Tom who plays guitar and Steve Nelson, their new drummer. Alex, the bassist, was off fixing a guitar.

RearGarde: How's the tour been going so far?

Tom: Good. The tour's with Brotherhood. It's about a month and a half long.

RearGarde: Any outrageous stories you can tell.

Blaine: We can tell you bout some girls in Memphis...

RearGarde: Where else did you go in Canada?

Tom: Toronto.

RearGarde: You didn't go anywhere else?

Tom: No, this is exclusive.

RearGarde: So, how do you like Canada so far—what do you think of the Canadian scene.

Tom: Western Canada is kinda fucked, like in Vancouver they're still into that Sid Vicious thing.

Steve: Very much so. I think all the people in Death Sentence must have mirrors for walls.

Blaine: We don't want to mention any bands.

Tom: Eastern Canada is really cool.

Blaine: If we only had western Canada to judge by, we probably wouldn't like Canada but we've already been here so we like it.

RearGarde: How is west coast U.S. music.

Blaine: We're kings of that.

RearGarde: And modest too.

Tom: Bands will form, they'll put out an album, they'll get big for a while but no one really sticks around to try and do it again and again.

RearGarde: Yeah, but there are a few bands like Circle Jerks who've been around for a while.

Tom: Yeah, that's cool. Even though they've changed dramatically—its not the same old Circle Jerks—at least they're still fuckin' around doing something. They're not stagnant, I can appreciate that.

RearGarde: So you like Montreal... You think the people here respond well?

Blaine: Yeah, they're fuckin' crazy because once it gets right down to it, you just look out there and people are just droolin', spittin', bleedin', crying, peeing, shitting. It's all happening right there, it's great. And then there's people in the back who are just there to see it, to check it out, that's cool. People are curious out here. They don't just wait for something to be big—they'll come out to check it out.

RearGarde: So are you making any money off the tour?

Steve: Yeah, it's lucrative.

RearGarde: But the tickets are such a low price, \$7.50. If you're really out to make bucks, you'd be charging 20 dollars, DRI style.

Blaine: There's nobody else taking our money but us.

Tom: We're reasonable, we don't ask for a lot of money.

RearGarde: But do you have other jobs.

Steve: I work in an espresso shop.

Tom: I work in a record store. Blaine does destruction.

Blaine: Demolition.

Tom: So does Alex. Part time jobs are helpful when we get back.

RearGarde: I heard you guys did a commercial to promote a record store or something. What exactly was that?

Blaine: It was one of our songs. It was a soundtrack to a commercial. We just hopped up on the counters and jumped around and looked stupid.

RearGarde: Was it a commercial for TV?

Tom: Yeah, it was on cable TV.

Blaine: For Time Traveller's skateboards and records.



RearGarde: Could this lead to a future in making videos?

Tom: Probably if we can get some money.

RearGarde: From looking at your album covers it looks like you guys are into comics or something.

Tom: We're into art in general, comics and wierd horror art.

RearGarde: Who came up with the idea of Martha Splatterhead and the return and her Maddest stories ever told?

Blaine: I came up with the idea.

RearGarde: So who is Martha?

Blaine: She's a knife wielding maniac.

RearGarde: She has...

Tom: Big tits! Is that what you were gonna say? Is that what you meant? No?

RearGarde: Is the Martha Splatterhead theme gonna continue any further on the next album? How can you top her maddest stories ever told?

Blaine: Now it's Martha Splatterhead's themes for the deranged. She'll be like a preacher. She's like a storyteller being in a comic book.

Tom: It'll be out soon. I don't know on what label though.

RearGarde: What's the reaction to the Maddest stories album been like. It's so different from the first two records where the voice is a certain way and the sound is so similar. On the third one it is so different, the

sound is amazing.

Blaine: We really like the production right off hand because we got a good studio, it's fun to work with the guy who produced it, we liked the songs, we had a fun time writing them, and the covers were fun to do. It was a fun album to make and hopefully it came across like that and the sound came out crystal clear.

RearGarde: Are there gonna be any progressions on the next album? What kind of changes will there be?

Tom: More hardcore! Yeah, its real cool, real tight fuckin' hardcore rock.

RearGarde: How soon can we expect it, as soon as you find a record label?

Tom: We may not even wait for a record label. We may do it ourselves, we may sell the farm.

Blaine: We'll sell our jewelry.

RearGarde: How long has the band been together with its current lineup?

Blaine: With this lineup, Steve has been in the band a few months.

RearGarde: What was the reason for Dana's leaving?

Tom: Personal and musical differences.

Blaine: Cranial differences.

RearGarde: So you think it's going better this way.

Tom: Yeah, this is way better. We're not all ganging up on one person now. It's spread out amongst four people.

RearGarde: Are you on bad terms with Dana?

Blaine: We weren't on bad terms with him, his personality was a little inconsistent.

Tom: One day he'd be a vegetarian, one day he'd be a meat eater. One day he'd be pro-abortion, one day he'd be anti-abortion and it was really hard to keep up with because it's like "where you comin' from dude?". It was the same with his drumming too. He didn't know where to draw the line between what his musical taste was and what he was doing in the band.

RearGarde: What are your musical tastes. what are your favorite bands?

Steve: Germs, Zappa, Elton John, Grateful Dead, Grand Funk.

Tom: 70's rock is great; Deep Purple, a lot of stuff if it's got some balls to it, if it's got some guts, even if it doesn't have much integrity...

some of Ratt is good, you know. If they're posing well. Not that I'm gonna go out and do that, but you can find something redeeming in a lot of stuff so we listen to everything.

RearGarde: I noticed some of your cover songs come from music that isn't hardcore like Ten Years After's *I'd Love to Change the World* and Cliff Richard's *Devil Woman*, how do you feel about the originals?

Tom: We did them cause we like them. It's like a modern tribute, an Accused-style tribute.

RearGarde: Blaine, did something happen to your eye?

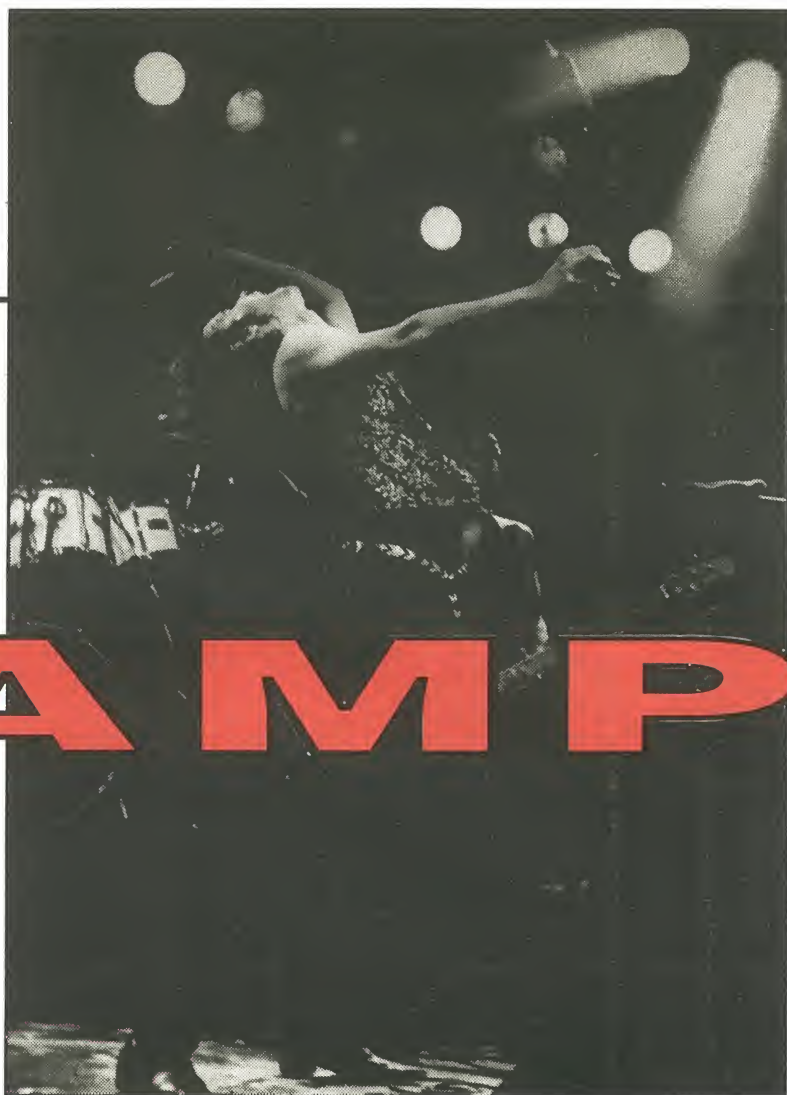
Blaine: I just got a black eye.

Tom: Ron did it, Ron the singer from Brotherhood beat up Blaine because he saw him swearing.

Blaine: No, somebody just got up on stage—we're pretty liberal about having people on stage.

Interview conducted by Cyndi and Selim.

14 KING SWAMP



By Sonja Chichak

King Swamp is a completely new band.

It's new even though it was formed by ex-members of **Shriekback** Steve Halliwell, Martyn Barker and Dave Allen (also formerly of seventies punk band **Gang Of Four**), and **World Party's** Dominic Miller. Adding a genuinely fresh sound is twenty-four year old lead vocalist Walter Wray who says about joining the band, "I knew I was right before they'd decided really, because I had heard the songs they'd played me on the demos." Allen and Halliwell both contributed to the songwriting of the first album, but Wray's talents will be added in the future.

All hailing from England, the band has fresh enthusiasm and energy about this project. Allen and Halliwell are excited to do it all again, bigger and better than before. "I think this band has the potential to go all the way... there's no end to it," explains Allen. He believes that they have the essential formula of "experience, commitment and talent" for success.

Their formula includes a healthy dose of rock 'n roll with an alternative twist and a dash of blues. Halliwell describes it as "mutant swamp blues."

Allen and Halliwell's experience with the music industry combined with the skills of the musicians, and overt sex-appeal of Wray make for a brilliant product. "We're not selling a gimmick here," says Wray. "It's not fashion. It's quality merchandise."

But why the name **King Swamp**? "We were looking at the blues/rock tradition of music like **Creedence Clearwater Revival** and **Dr. John**," starts

Allen. "That southern boogie-type feel was interesting to us: the spirit. So once we got that whole Louisiana trip in our heads, swamps came up." Citing earlier influences he continues, "There was a track by **The Band** called *King Harvest*, meaning the best crop they could get after a bad summer. So **King Swamp** seemed to suit us just fine."

Completed by Nick Lashly on guitar, the present lineup was filled in 1988. Digging curiously into Allen's musical history we found that **The Gang Of Four** split up in 1983 because they "burned-out, sort of ran out of ideas." Then he founded **Shriekback**, which he left with Halliwell and Barker in 1987 because "we were bored." But they adamantly insist that they'll be in **King Swamp** for the long haul.

Allen admits that the differences between **Gang Of Four** and the present band are that "**Gang Of Four** was all about politics and lyrically was very direct. The similarity is the energy that we put across on record and live. I've kept that energy in the way I play bass."

So even if the band had to rely on experience alone for momentum, it would still be full speed ahead. Allen says, "It helps being able to look back and know how things could have been done differently... Like egos: Now I know that they can destroy a band very rapidly—when people think they're more important than the band itself."

"There are some big egos in this band, but they're so big, they're invincible," adds Wray. "We all know how good we are so we've got nothing to be afraid of."

According to Halliwell, "As you do things, you find ways to produce more effect for less effort." Which seems to

have helped the band begin higher than ground zero.

Defining a band is never an easy job. "It's larger than the sum of its parts," says Allen. With **King Swamp** there are vast numbers of musical influences, skill, intelligence and a charming personality that are intertwined with a kind of spirituality, sensitivity and mysticism.

As the major lyricist, Halliwell touches on themes such as "Love, bits of voodoo, religion, humanity, decay, and magic," he says proudly. "There's almost a kind of apocalyptic element in a lot of old blues songs—I like all that. **The Doors** were into that."

Focusing on an important theme in his songs, Halliwell says, "Magic is everything, you're always bringing things into the world, always creating and influencing things. Magic and mysticism are basically things you can't see. Within that, you find the levers, handles and cogs on how the world runs. It doesn't just run on the physical level. It's on all sorts of planes at the same time. Metaphysical ones."

Clearly in touch with the lyrics he sings, Wray adds: "That kind of mystical vibe. I know a lot of bands go on about black magic and that sort of thing, but in general it's just an excuse to get your dick out. A lot of those things like heavy metal and satanism are a load of bullshit. It's stuff that moves you and you don't know why: Back to the basics of Rock 'n Roll."

"You'll never catch me wearing a goat's head," he says, laughing.

The band's symbol is the snake "because of the deep sexual meaning, the religious overtones, as in Adam and Eve and the original sin. Also... its healing powers and relationship with magic and witchcraft," Allen says.

King Swamp does indeed exude a certain sexuality: "Forget magic, we're only here to get laid: Numero Uno!" jokes Wray. "It's a funny thing, people get involved in a kind of stage-lust situation. They wouldn't even talk to you on the street! They see you on a stage and they just want to go to bed with you."

"Everyone who performs in film, theatre, music... if they're not aware of the sexuality of the performance, then it's probably a bit of a failure. Take

someone like **Prince**, who's always a real sexual comedian. You have to know when to dance and when to pout," agrees Allen.

King Swamp's live performance is incredibly kinetic, professional, and yes indeed, sexual. The big, hard-edged sound is incredibly provocative on many levels. The rhythm section formed by Allen on bass and Barker on drums sets a firm foundation for the huge wall of guitar created by Miller, Lashley and sometimes even Halliwell, who is also responsible for the impressive keyboards. All of this musical heaven is topped by the powerful and imposing vocals of Wray.

The audience reaction is, for the most part, incredibly responsive. The band seems to feed off of the attention, and are well-received wherever they venture. By now, in the middle of their North-American tour, Halliwell revealed proudly that they already have a few die-hard fans following from town to town, and gig to gig. If you missed them this time, not to worry, they'll be back to make sure that they're not forgotten in September or October. Pretty impressive for a band with only one album out and limited publicity.

But the elusive record deal has even already been signed. **King Swamp** had a large array of companies to choose from too.

"When we did the demo, our manager took copies of the tape to ten record companies with absolutely no information on it except his office address and telephone number. We got offered eight deals immediately, and that was without anyone knowing who was in the band," explains Allen.

Virgin Records was chosen to promote the band. So far, 120,000 copies have been sold.

The second album, already in the making, will have a three-partner writing team in Halliwell, Wray and Allen. According to Halliwell, "It will be a completely different animal from the first."

by Suzanne

It was cold. I was outside freezing and window read, "Wetspots, big on bad rap fuck my house, eat my porch." A case of vandalism. I think so. Well, let's say that the Wetspots' eight song LP was leased in February. (*Wake up with Wetspots on Problem Children Wreckor*). And let's just say that it went to the number two position on CRSG. And what's this someone from Foulfoules said? "Nob listens to that station so you guys must shit." Now Foulfoules, that's not very n. But at least we know the story.

As for the four-piece Hamilton band, t have been together for almost two years have mostly done that Golden Hosres thing (Kitchener, St. Catherine's, Brantfo But what's this? They aren't allowed to p Hamilton? the very town they were bred spread in. Pat Havoc (the singer) thinks it may have something to do with the that his head went through the ceiling at last show. Club owners explain it as band that just doesn't attract the right typ crowd and the crowds that do turn out don't drink enough. So the Wetspots are going to have to lie. Something about Irish rockabilly band called the Stewpots Blarney Records.

Might work.

Right now however, they're conten play Hamilton slag rock. "Slag rock and because I heard Elvis Costello use a brill quote once. He said, 'Rock is dead. Roc an inanimate object.' So I strongly beli that we play 'rock and roll with a Hamil edge to it. Kind of steel, rough and tum and slag," says Pat.

I guess that if they were from Sudb that they would be nickel-like. Or someth like that anyway.

"And our influences go right across board. That's another problem. Once say that you have influences people pige hole you. Right now I could break int bitchin' Tone Loc because now he's happ ing. He's all over the radio. He's all over And there's no way to avoid him. So, if I v to write something tonight, it would h some kind of Tone Loc influence. And th kind of scary, isn't it?"

Well, yes Pat, it kind of is.

We talk about our fa- vourite shows and bands. Jane's Addiction comes

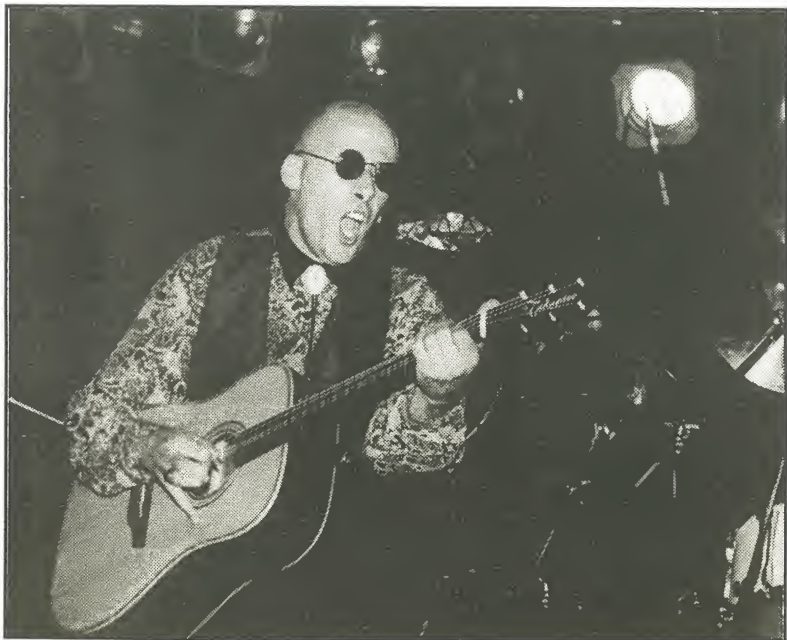


PHOTO: Sonja Chichak



PHOTO: Rob Ben

up. "I'm pissed off at those guys. I saw the singer on New Music and this is his line: 'No, we don't ever want to release a popular song. If we ever released anything that was ever number one, we would consider ourselves milk toast.' (Obviously not a direct quote). That's bullshit. Why even bother releasing, taking up your time or going into the studio if you do not want to release something that people are going to hear and like. If I went into the studio and flatulated for 45 minutes and released that, I could see their point. 'Hey, I'm farting and people are not lapping this up. Boy, I'm a good musician.' But the entire purpose of it, you know, the entire exercise is to do something that other people are going to listen to and get something out of. Like we have the band essentially for ourselves and if somebody gets something out of it. Great. That's fantastic if somebody can make something out of it.

"Like when I was growing up, I was listening to the Forgotten Rebels and so we got Mickey deSadist, the singer of the Forgotten Rebels to produce our album. So, that's the culmination of everything for us. So maybe when we're older and fatter, some young band is going to say, 'Hey, produce our album' and we're going to say sure. You know and that will be it for us. I don't think it's like such an ego thing but it's a way of getting across ideas and all that and I think that when someone comes across and says 'no we don't want to be popular, we don't want anyone to listen to us.' They're just stringing a line, a big line of horseshit. Because if that's the case. Why bother signing to a record label? Why bother playing any shows?

"I mean we care about what we're doing. And I think that's part of the key. If you like something and support something enough. I think you have to back it with your heart and you have to follow through on it. There's nothing wrong with enjoying it but you have to put a little faith in yourself and I don't think enough bands do that... And you're freezing." And so I was.

Did anyone notice that Stewpots and Wetspots are very similar? Well, Wetspots will be back in the studio this summer and I guess we'll just have to wait and see what they come up with? Ha.

PHOTO: Derek Von Essen

Firehose (or should I write FIREHOSE?) have just released a third record. It's called FROMOHIO and features one Ed Crawford (formerly Ed FROMOHIO) on Guitars and Vocals. The record is called FROMOHIO because it was recorded entirely in Painesville, Ohio in the same studio Pere Ubu used. It took three days and thirty hours to record it and Minutemen/FIREHOSE producer/engineer Ethan James had nothing to do with it (seems Ed Crawford/fromohio doesn't like working with him). Their are eleven songs on it, most of which were written for their previous record, If N.

The following interview was conducted in Buffalo, New York, USA where FIREHOSE played a gig with Ohio favorites (and now mine to) Scrawl, Buffalo favorites Red Dog 7 (who I unfortunately missed in order to conduct said interview) and Toronto faves Rocktopus (now known for their offensive tape covers).

The interview turned out to be the easiest ever accomplished by this literate fan and appears here in its entirety, aside from Ummms and ahhhs and sips from our respective sodas.

Watt: (Brave Captain) So here I am startin' a band again, thinkin' about Ronnie Reagan. It's sorta about me and Ronnie, actually me imagining that somehow I'm related to Ronnie Reagan. Edward (Crawford/fromohio) had this song. It was like a Minutemen song called *Stories*. So I said here, let me re-arrange the chords a little bit.

RearGarde: I thought that maybe you got the concept of a *Brave Captain* from Che Guevara's diaries or Pablo Neruda's Song for Simon Bolivar? Do you read that stuff?

Watt: Sure. I get inspired by that stuff. But it's hard for me. It's like writing about the Chinese revolution or something. You see America is so different. It's hard for me to relate. Most people there (China) farm with their hands. Most people in America don't farm period let alone with their hands. So I have to look at it like something that was written two hundred years ago or something. Our battle is about some heavy metal fan in some suburb who kills his mom—that's something that I doubt they have much experience with in China. But you see American Rock Poets don't deal with that, we try to run away. That's what's righteous about these revolutionaries, they tried to deal with what was really happening in their countries. In America no one wants to write about that, no one wants to deal with that, that's an accident, like one of the machines breaking down at Disneyland... There's Brother Lou (as *Take a Walk on The Wild Side* comes on the Radio Station tuned in at the Pizza Joint)

RearGarde: Do You listen much to Lou?

Watt: The last one I listened to was *Growing Up In Public*. I never listened to *Joy Stick* and all that. But I should, I know I should.

RearGarde: In Canada we have our own version of a Lou Reed tune with the Cowboy Junkies' version of *Sweet Jane*.

Watt: Yeah, that's like the "Correct New Rock". I'm really against that. Record companies dress up people that want to be in a band. You know, I think about the people from the sixties—Pete Townshend, Cream—like if they'd dressed like the Fonz it wouldn't have been happenin', right? They owed their generation the responsibility of Tomorrow. This idea of trying to go back...

You end up with weak revivals of *Grease* and I guess we're gonna have a revival of *Hair* now, I just don't buy it man. I don't even buy the eighties now—they're gone, it's the nineties. It's all we got... y'know Abbie Hoffman just killed himself, there's a lot of frustration. Then on the other side it's dudes just floatin', they think it's just clothes. So, I don't like the idea of remaking *Sweet Jane*. No. It's not new, it's not alternative, it's not underground—those are just slots they have in the chain stores. It's disgusting. We do covers too. We do Blue Oyster Cult, I hope no one else would wanna do Blue Oyster Cult. But I would never try and record that and get it on the Radio or something, that'd be embarrassing. May as well do *Rock around the Clock* dressed like the Fonz, that's almost what it reminds me of. We also do Public Enemy's *Sophisticated Bitch*. That was Edward's idea. Firehose is still trying to find itself, we haven't

got to the level of covers yet. I think covers come after you've defined yourselves, then they have a reference. That way there's a reason to be doin' covers, you're known for other stuff. That's why in the later period of the Minutemen we did covers. You know it's finally happened.... They've finally Homogenized punk rock so that they can finally create their own bands.

RearGarde: So what's next—Sonic Youth?

Watt: Well it ain't Guns 'n' Roses doin' Aerosmith. I got news. It's like Menudo, when someone get's a certain age they move you out and get someone new. But the song remains the same, I guess that's the Led Zeppelin tune

together you either like the bands or you don't, you either like the songs or you don't. No band should ever benefit from a movement of style.

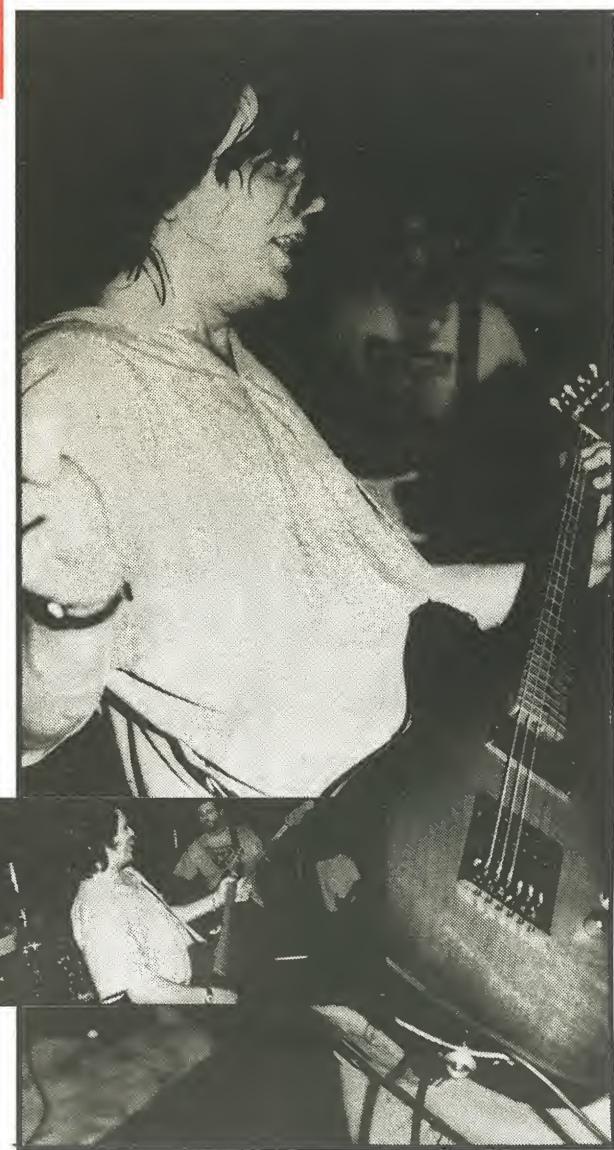
RearGarde: What about a band that generates a movement of style like REM?

Watt: Yeah, I know, well... that's up to their peers to copy them. If they can live with themselves. If it was me I'd feel very embarrassed. Y'know I like John Entwistle or Jack Bruce or Gene Simmons (must have eyed my Kiss Pin) But I would never cop any of their licks. I guess that's integrity. But as far as movements in sound and aural dictums, all the feeling goes out the window. That's why I get bitter. It's not really at people. People are people. It's situations.

RearGarde: I heard you got to play with Blue Oyster Cult. How was that?

Watt: It was scary, like playing with your dad. We were the opening band. They were

FIREHOSE



there. To me all that sound and style, it's just device. I mean these guys might be good players and shit but that

Living Colour is a corporate Bad Brains if I ever saw one. Y'know I can just see their interviews five years from now—it's all worked out. They can say 'hey, I don't wanna talk about the fact that we're Black.' It's all laid out. That guitar player's special we played with them in Davisville, he's a nice guy but man, what a machine. That's what this whole eighties thing is about, like somehow if we get these new bands playing on these major labels we're gonna straighten these guys out. What a load of shit. It's the same crap.

RearGarde: You sound bitter.

Watt: Well yeah, I am bitter. I'm bitter that people have been tricked into thinking that there is an alternative and forced to choose sides. I mean what's the alternative to music?... silence. It's all music, we're all in this

waiting in the alley with the Limo. It was kinda embarrassing. We didn't get to talk to them much. The biz isn't for that. It's such a sham. MTV is perfect for that, it keeps it depersonalized like that, just image, that's why I'm bitter. Not dudes, dudes are dudes... Videos are OK. Firehose has made two. They're good as ads, to let people know there's a band but not for people to relate to bands. You can't relate to bands through a TV show. Music is a device. I'm against this idea of all form no content. Tommy Jefferson, Woody Guthrie, it's an old tradition. You gotta get yer hands dirty. You try to tell a story, you use sound, it's all sound. Public Enemy use sound but they also have a story. I don't hear much of a story in The Cult.

RearGarde: Ciccone Youth.

Watt: Ciccone Youth was a way for me to get back into music after D. Boon died. I went to Sonic Youth about it and they asked to be a part of it. I gave them

a little cassette, wanted everyone to get a little laugh. I wanted to laugh. Now I guess I inspired a whole album. Yeah, I don't like Enigma (records). I don't like the way they marketed that record for one thing, sayin' it was Firehose meets Sonic Youth, I didn't even know Edward when I did that stuff. Anyway, they'll have to live with themselves.

RearGarde: What do you think about all this money being made by music.

Watt: I don't make a lot of money. I make enough to live on. Watt lives in a little one room apartment. I live econo. I'm used livin' that way. I grew up in Navy Housing.

RearGarde: Do you feel that you are still as politically motivated as you were when you started?

Watt: Yeah, definitely. It's funny I get asked that a lot. I'm still as political as I ever ever was—a little older, a little wiser, but still as convicted. I think my songs are very political, it's funny that some people don't see it that way. I guess what's black and white to me is confusing to others. D. Boon balanced me. He was very much a populist, but he was sayin' a lot of the same things I was sayin'. Me and Him worked it out a long time ago as kids. We tried to stick with it. You know I can't expect Ed to stick a pillow under his shirt and sing D. Boon words, it's not right. D. Boon's gone and I miss him a lot more than I feel him. If it wasn't for him I wouldn't be doin' any of this. His mom made me play bass, because of the way he played guitar. So yeah, I guess I'm carrying the torch. I'm not ashamed. In a way, though, it's not really fair to Edward. In another way though he picked us, he knew exactly what he was getting into. Me and D. were pretty vocal about what we felt.

RearGarde: What about the recent developments in U.S. Politics?

Watt: Well, I think Bush is a back room guy. He'll make deals and never be obvious about it. He's an 'ole boy, like a Nixon in a way, not like Reagan who believes his own hype. I don't trust him, I voted against him. I tried to get people to vote against him. But you learn in America that you have an election, you lose and you wait for the next one. I voted for the guy I felt was intelligent, not like this Dan Quayle—what an embarrassment.

RearGarde: What are Masons?

Watt: Me and D. were interested in finding out what the first band was and I found out it was the Mason Lodge. The Masons built this country. You know, I don't want to scare people with some conspiracy shit but all the Presidents were Masons, 'cept Kennedy being Catholic and Reagan being stupid. You know I think Bush picked Quayle 'cause they're related somewhere back. It's really sick, some Blue Blood or something. But I do think that Bush is more in touch with reality than Reagan. You know, I was reading this book that Dave Winfield wrote and he was saying that he met Reagan once and said, "Mr. President, I'd hate to be in your shoes and have to make the decisions you have to make." So Reagan takes him aside and says, "Well, you know, it's like this movie I was in where I had to play this pitcher..." I mean here's this guy who's like flyin' all the bombs an shit and he's relatin' it to a fuckin' flick about playin' baseball. That dude's out to lunch. I voted against him twice. See, in America we've no culture, all we've ever had to share is trends and fads, it's kinda sad, but that's all we have to relate. A few promises, a lot of commercials. You see, rock 'n' roll is universal. The guy that invented the Radio signal said he did it cause he knew that with morse code the guy who owns the wire will own the power. I think the last thing he was trying to do was in Kansas he'd set up a lightning rod. He was gonna charge the earth up 'cause he did didn't want anybody to own electricity. It's kinda the same with Punk Rock you don't need anyone tellin' you how to do it. I know it sounds naive, but it's the same as owning your own factory, not sellin' all your sugar to one magnate or something like that.

RearGarde: Do you read reviews?

Watt: I'm into reviewers. If you ask someone what they think you should not be afraid what they're gonna tell you. I'm a big critic of a lot of things, how dare I get on my high-horse and not let people talk about me? This kid came up to me once with a skate-board says, "Watt, this record man, you got the wimpy bass sound." I take that as good criticism. I asked to get in this arena, I'm not gonna cop out and say you're not sayin' the nicest things.

Interview conducted by P.S. Marlboro.

13 • Lemonheads (CHRY Benefit)
 14 • Mo Tucker & Half Japanese
 15 • Happy Mondays
 17 • Sacred Reich & Forbidden
 20 • American Stand & Swiz
 26 • RearGarde Benefit with
 Mallet-Head, Rise, Rocktopus,
 Stratejakets, Baby Judas,
 Tent of Miracles
 Sept 1 • Dead Silence & Roger
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ASEXUALS

august 12 **BROKEN SMILE, ME MOM AND MORGENTALER**
RIPCORDZ, NORTHERN VULTURES, GROOVY AARDVARK

august 13 **PROBLEM CHILDREN**

BRONTO CRUSHROCK, OBVIOUS PROBLEM

14 the GODFATHERS

august 15 metal night with **SACRED REICH,**
FORBIDDEN and **LEPROCY**

16 HAPPY MONDAYS d'Angleterre

august 17 **BIRTH DEFECT** cassette launch
RIPCORDZ and **ALTERNATIVE INUIT**

august 18 from Toronto **RARE AIR**

august 20 Mallet Head, Beowulf and Broken Smile

22 LES STUPS for the **RECTANGLE** launch

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august 26 **CHINESE BACKWARDS** with guest

august 27 **CELEBRITY TOURNAMENT**
 at the Foufounes's mini-golf

august 29 **BRUNO GERUSSI'S MEDALLION**

august 30 corn roast with **LARD BEDAINE**

august 31 from N.Y. Rochester **UNCLE SAM**

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september 2

GRUESOMES et **CYNICS**

september 3

DEAD SILENCE



SNFU Foufounes Electriques July 9

Me #1: Well like, we got there fashionably late, you know so like, we missed the first two bands. One of them, *Broken Smile* are like, really cool, but we got there just in time for *Les Thugs*, who I've heard is like, from France, but I think like, they sang in English?? They were like, really happening you know.

Me #2: Yes, I also was quite pleased with their performance. They've got a very catching beat with interesting harmonies which, blended together, form very feasible audio entertainment. They kind of remind me of *Agent Orange* on chemical hallucinogenics.

Me #1: No way. What a lame thing to say! Anyways, after *Les Thugs* was those groovy dudes from SNFU. It took like the roadies forever to set up. Like really. Anyways, I mean they were just amazing. Chi came on stage with this pair of black evening gloves that reached almost to his shoulders. He looked so yummy and those gloves are to die for!

Me #2: Well, yes I suppose. As I remember they opened up the night with a song off the second album whose titles escapes me, but wasn't it interesting how the audience started slamming almost before any notes were emitted? A couple of songs from the marvelous third album were performed but it was the old hits such as *Misfortune*, *Broken Toy*, and *Gravedigger* which really provoked the crowd into a psychoneurotic frenzy. They also performed a mellower version of *She's On The Menu* which was just as preeminent as the original version.

Me #1: Yeah right. Anyhow like, from

the first moment the guys came on stage, the crowd was like, wild to the max. And of course, Chi had his usual gizmos like the blue plastic baseball bat and silver pom-poms and godzilla blow-up doll which he could, like, beat the crowd with. At least he played my favorite songs, so I'm like you know, grooving.

Me #2: Do you suppose that the mother with the Alzheimer's disease copulated with the gravedigger and later parturiented the boy with the broken toy?? Notice how symbolic the lyrics are in the latter in relation to the youths' role and characterization, if not unjust stereotyping by society and...

Me #1: ????? What the hell are you trying to say? Like, you're so weird. Anyhow, the show was like, amazing and if you missed it, you're like, a real loser. They came back for like, two encores where they did like, the Cat Stevens' song. I like it a zillion times better than the way that lame-o Cat Stevens did it. I mean like, the seventies are like, over you know.

Me #2: So is this review.

"Schizo" Miss Wendy

The Asexuals, Thelonious Monster Foufounes Electriques May 24

Those crazy Asexuals were back at Foufounes amid more rumours of record execs and dumptrucks full of cash. This time they had an opening spot with out-of-townners (from L.A.) *Thelonious Monster*. Once again I was suitably impressed with their set. The band is loose and enjoying themselves on stage. The songs seem to gain more energy each time I hear them. *World For The Taking* and *Dish* are des-

igned to be classics. Now if these jokers got around to releasing their record, people might be able to hear these songs more often than once every six months, but I digress. Anyways, there can be no complaints about their live show: guitar solos, the drummer running out in the middle of a song to do a push-up solo centre stage, a bassist (Blake Cheetah) who miraculously avoids setting his hair on fire, and best of all no *Led Zep*. What more could you ask for? (except of course the record).

Seeing as how I'd never even heard of *Thelonious Monster* before, I went to the show with an open mind. Actually it was more of a "who cares I'll probably be drunk by the time they get on stage anyway" attitude. Well things didn't quite work out that way and I had to face the unknown with an almost sharp and alert mind. Well surprise surprise, this band, made up of a *Red Hot Chili Pepper* and some of their entourage, was really quite good.

The first two songs had an almost—dare I say—jazz feel to them. Mind you, they were still fast, loud and powerful, but it wasn't the same old tired thing that has been done to death by millions of bands. After a few songs of this type were played, a strange thing happened... *Thelonious Monster* mutated into several different bands in the

space of four or five songs.

Out of nowhere *Tracy Chapman* appeared to do one of her songs. She melted into a pool of sweat only to be replaced by the *Rolling Stones*. The decrepit Englishmen only stuck around long enough to do a quick *You Can't Always Get What You Want*. The *Stones* were then replaced by *Black Flag* and then (eekkk!) *Led Zep*. Even the *Replacements* made a brief appearance, but were probably too drunk to play, and didn't stay very long.

After these mutations the band returned to themselves and played some more of their own material. Unfortunately the next song sounded like *Tony Iommi* and *Greg Ginn* doing *Duelling Banjos* on acid. This was just enough noise to drive me to the last metro home. I don't really know what happened at the rest of the show, but I heard from a reliable and tall source that I should not have left. Well, what more can you say about a band that has a bespectacled drummer in his briefs, a bassist with dreadlocks, twin guitar players (sort of) and a lead singer who looks like *Elton John* in very big trouble. All I can think of is... uhh!

Peter Johnson Esq.

Xymox The Spectrum

band stuck to their new material which was a lot quieter and musically refined than their older stuff. The entire *Pogues* atmosphere of crazed rowdiness was played down by the band members on stage but not in the crowd. Bouncing, thrashing, and skanking youths flung themselves at each other in the high intensity that they were obviously expecting from the band. In the encore, *The Pogues* played *Fiesta* off their last album and *Yeah Yeah Yeah*—definitely their poppiest tune yet—from their new album. Although their new, subdued image was not pretentious nor even annoying, the drunken strains of *Jesus James* were sorely missed.

Last up were the *Violent Femmes*. I am quite unfamiliar with this band but I managed to catch a couple of songs I recognized. Although they started off on the right foot with some good tunes including a nice reggae flavored song, they degenerated into rather tired songs that were made all the worse by the terrible sound. The horns seemed to pitch wildly out of control and the sound man made no effort to check their performance. The band played an encore in which was included *Blister in the Sun* and some other half decent tunes. I may end up liking these guys on vinyl but at that particular place and time I found them quite unentertaining.

Ribredni Rair



The Pogues PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

June 29

It looks like *Xymox* is pretty well known in Montreal as they filled the *Spectrum* with about 600 people—that's about 3/4's of the hall filled and the band seemed surprised and pleased. Ronny Moorings kept peering out of the stage lights which blinded him from seeing the crowd. Once he saw the large crowd, he smiled. *Anke Wolbert* was more shy and would avoid eye contact—even when it was her time to take the mike and sing, she would often look at her toes or seem spaced-out and spellbound by her own music. However, she didn't seem intimidated by the screaming fans, only a bit surprised.

You see, *Anke*'s a very humble person. Even in an interview on *Musique Plus*, she said meekly, "Well...I h-h-hope our music is good..." Get with it deary, they like you, they really like you! In addition to being humble, *Xymox* is a non-capitalistic band, not seeking to promote their newest LP, *Twist of Shadows* by playing each and every of its songs during the concert. Instead, they played the tunes with which we were all familiar: *A Day*, *Michelle*, *Muscoviet Musquito*, *Louise*, *7th Time*, etc. However, stage-decor was quite simple: simply the same two enlarged marbles as on the design of *Twist of Shadows*.

Vancouver-based *Moev* was a good opening band for *Xymox*, for they attract the same crowd *Xymox* would. That is, those who like electronic sounds but with a bit of mentation behind them.

Amanlee Choo-Foo

National Velvet Club Noir June 21

First of all, I love *Club Noir*. They've tried to recreate *Club Domino* or what *Nuts & Bolts* used to be. They've installed a cage, and for this, their first live band, discovered the chain link wasn't removable, as they had meant it to be. As a result, the band played in a cage, inundated with smoke and *Maria* sang on the dance floor. It was a good show, for all that, and *Maria* is incredibly sexy.

Blue Smith

Johnny Thunders Apocalypse Club Sometime fairly recently

It must be nice to be a semi-Living Legend. You can just blow into town anytime you want and be guaranteed an audience. You don't even have to bring a band with you because there are plenty of bands (in this case *Teenage Head*) who will be only too happy to play with you.

The one big difference from his last appearance in T.O. was the fact that this time he appeared to be sober. That didn't stop him from cramming a half-dozen bad notes into each and every song in spite of the fact that all the solo's were the same. It also must be nice to be able to stop songs for no apparent reason so you can run through the theme from *Bonanza* a couple of times.

Of course the best thing about being a semi-Living Legend is that you are completely immune to anything a lowly stooge like me might write. So let's just say a good time was had by all and leave it at that.

David James

King Swamp The Diamond July 5

King Swamp is a five-piece thing consisting of former members of *Shriekback*, *World Party*, and *Gang of Four*. So, like, how come they sound like *INXS*? It was a really strong performance, to an audience of approximately 12 at the *Diamond*. They are all well-seasoned musicians, the front man is fairly enigmatic and the songs are really straightforward—but it wasn't exactly inspiring. I wouldn't buy their album.

Blue Smith

Drums Along the Gardiner, Die Screaming, Masochistic Reaction

Anal Chinook

PHOTO: DAG



Local Rebels, Anal Chinook, Pale Priest La Terrasse June 31

The worst feeling in the world is when people put effort, time and money into producing a show, only to find no one has shown up. Then assholes say the scene sucks!

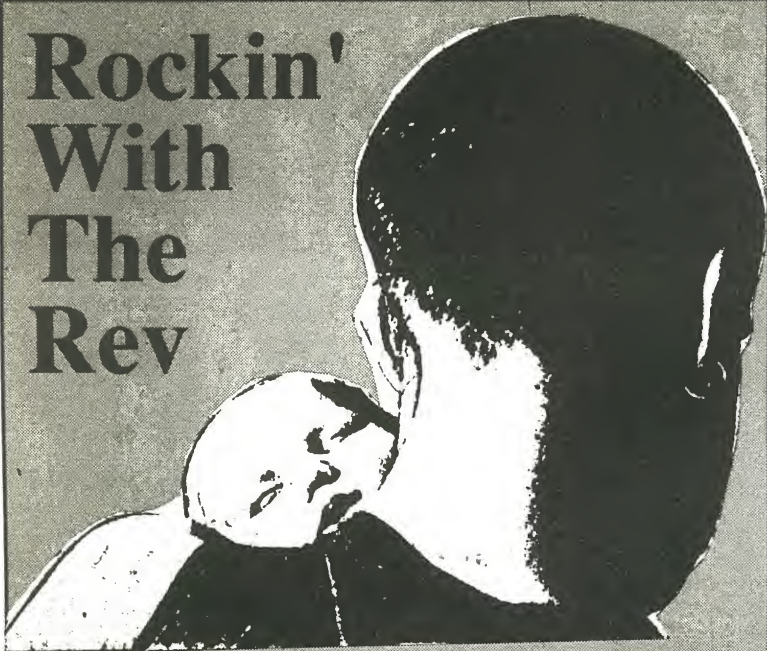
Anyway, the show went on and the first to jam were the *Local Rebels*. Although they're a young band they pulled off an energetic start. The tangy mush of punk rock shivered the windows and roared out through the tavern with songs like *Unite and Win*, and *Have a nice day?* They even had their own anthem simply called *Local Rebels*. At some points in the show you could feel a small touch of Oi. They shared the stage with bassist and singer of the *Northern Vultures* and the group's potential is incredible.

"It's raining, it's pouring the old man is dying!" (Acid rain perhaps). The fatal words screeched by the singer of *Anal Chinook*. Ultimately the feeling of hate was reverberated from the band. It's like, 'fuck you, I don't care, but we're gonna party anyhow!' Scenes of the singer bashing about and leaning over on his back to find his two buddies pushing him about with their feet. They do songs with a fine beat and that lovely Hardcore edge. These lads from *Ottawa Rock*!

So we now have *Pale Priest*, the only band I know of who can make people thrash about even when only five people show up. I have to admit that I wasn't able to see them play (to my loss) because of a situation beyond my control. I'll speak for the people who saw 'em: They were loved. N.D.G. Hardcore at it's best. Everyone was happy to have stuck around til one in the morning to see them play. I'm sorry I wasn't able to stay—next show I will.

Domenic Castelli

Rockin' With The Rev



Hi friends. You know, the ol' Rev has just returned from a Holy Pilgrimage From Afar. And you know what Divine Delectables Have Been Discovered? Yup, People Are Stupid. See, the sad thing about all this is that The Ol' Condo Dweller in the Sky didn't plan it this way. When Adam and Eve went Boinking in the Bush, who would have figured things would turn out this way? Who would have figured that here in the Summer of Lust, 1989, that people'd be running around listening to re-hashed Discoid Muzac with God-Darned Happy Faces strewn around their bodies like Christians after the Romans got through with 'em.

The question is: who's to blame for this Blaspheming Abomination? The answer is: Godless Communism. Ever notice that a) House Muzac came along the same time as Gorbachev? b) the aforementioned Happy Face bears a striking resemblance to Lenin on a Bad Day? Need I say more? No, I can sense the All-mighty Wisdom of the Lord just smashing into your Cretinous Craniums. Don't fight it.

But I digress. The Lesson from this month's Sermon From The Mount is, "The Virtues of Rock Music Videos." Well, that was a real short, but fun, sermon.

See, friends, God don't make videos. If the Good Lord had made videos, we wouldn't be in this gosh-darned high-falootin' mess in the First Place. Just think—instead of wasting time shifting the Red Sea to let the Chosen People wade through and then drown those Rascally Romans, The Big Guy in the Sky could have kept the Heathens occupied by showing 'em rock 'n roll videos and then waiting for them to die of brain damage. But no—The Happy Camper took His time and waited for all you Godless Heathens to blunder your way through the '80's, before seeing y'all die of brain damage. But I digress.

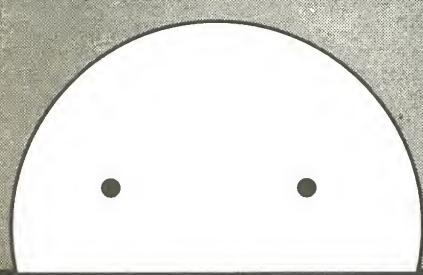
Friends, the theory behind rock music videos is this: get a bunch of scantily-black-leather-clad-anaorexic-but-heh-they're-all-over-18-so-it's-o.k.-women to strut around while the young-o.k.-not-so-young-o.k.-old-farts-blunder-through-smarmy-corporate-rock-but-heh-it's-o.k.-cos-they're-all-over-18-o.k.-over-40, and sell millions of records. Now that might look mighty fine in theory, but as That Whacky Guy Jesus once said, "Thoust hast trodden a fine line and please move, you're standing on my foot." Ecclesiastes 12:7

After much soul-searching—and friends, the ol' Rev is just fed up with looking through jail cells for James Brown—the Secret Behind the Villified Videos Has Been Found: Okey-dokey, ever notice how many records Jimi Hendrix continues to sell? Plenty. The reason: He's dead. Ever notice how many records Madonna continues to sell? Plenty. The reason: She makes music videos. O.K. Now, if the only way to sell records is to either be dead or make music videos, that's not much of a selling point for videos. Need I say more? Nope.

Y'all might be wondering why the ol' Rev has gone on This Particular Crusade. Well, it is the God-Given Truth that rock videos are corrupting the minds of all us God-fearing, Bible-toting, N.R.A. members, and destroying Rock 'n' Roll in the process.

See, when people go to a rock 'n' roll show now-a-days, they're all expecting to see a show like a video. And bands being what they are (Not Too Bright), they're all giving the people what they want, and that is just Not Right. Ever go to a big rock 'n' roll concert lately? Yucky-poo. Rock 'n' roll Kingpins might as well say to the bands, "Hey, stay home and smoke dope you old farts cos we can replace your presence with a huge video screen, and nobody'll notice the difference." Friends, on second thought, that might be a Good Thing. O.K., forget all of what you've just read from the ol' Rev. Videos are Good.

Well, friends, ever notice that you never see The Gideons? You innocently walk into a motel room and wham—a bible in every drawer! The reason you never see the Gideons is that they're the ones you pass on the highway standing in the rain with a sign that reads, "Paradise or Bust". Seeing as you're not going to paradise, just the sleazy motel around the corner, you never meet 'em. Life is strange like that. Amen.



Uniform Choice.

PHOTO: Sonja Chichak

Skate Thrash
June 25
Foufounes

It was a perfect Sunday afternoon, with the sun shining... just across the street mom, dad and the kids suck on ice cream as they stare at Skinheads and Punks drinking beer together, talking of the slammin', bashin', crashing Skate Thrash. I met up with these fine Yankee lads from Burlington. They explained they were there since 2 pm only to find out the show started at seven. So finally we all started marching in. (Two out of three yankee cars went home).

We were all to learn that the show was cut in half, to three bands. Hoping that rebates would be given, everything was hunky dory with us. To my surprise, the admission was cut by two bucks and no rebates were given for advance tickets.

Seeing as how the place was a sweat shop, I decided to go out for air only to hear that nasty unwritten rule "once you're in you're in!" I imagine that a club full of people sweating piss is a good reason to keep 'em prisoners don't ya think?

Alternative Inuits were up and grinding at the guitar. The stage performance was at a minimum. Listening to them I had the slight feeling of the Descendants. I couldn't make out what they were saying 'cause as usual the vocals were too low. Quite a few songs they played had a Reggae-Punk edge to 'em. Most, if not all of the songs were different. It was interesting in a way—you'd do a little skank/thrash to a thrash slam.

Unfortunately the crowd wasn't all that excited, except for the girl that kept on snapping my braces and splashing water on my head.

Verbal Assault was up, and thirty seconds later and the pit was intense. The band pulled a strangulatory jump-start for the crowd. All energy was blown through the band to a distorted mish mosh circle thrash. The fallen bodies were picked up and resurrected to join in the smelly armpit thrash. The holders of the stage were roaring. Unable to control myself, I joined the twisting ceremonial thrash (here, I'd like to apologize to the lad I accidentally boofed in the face).

Oh, my mind in a whirlwind of energy controlled by our entertaining rulers. I mished, I moshed, crashed, thrashed, slammed and crashed again only to stand up and see the stage swerve in front of me. The feeling of yesterdays supper rising for recycling (No, I wasn't stoned). At this point I evacuated for the pissers.

After I drowned myself in the sink, I was ready for yet another thrash killer. The basic attitude was "pick up yer partner and dosy-do, to the knee up slam dance!" Yes Uniform Choice did add to the frontal assault started by the previous band. Only they sounded somewhat like our government—repetitive, only different words. The beat was kept to an upmost metal-thrash.

They were a positive force—Straight edge is what they are, and if you were able to hear the words you'd get my meaning. They sang about you... ya, you the reader. Their message is quite blatant: Instead of hanging out in clubs picking yer nose, do something!!! Like watch mom, dad and the kids suck on ice cream maybe? I think you could slam, thrash, crash, pick yer self up and do it again.

Support your local scene don't beat on it.

Dominic Castelli

The Slither
July 6

Drums Along the Gardiner weren't supposed to be at this gig, but they were bumped, or something, out of their gig at the Siboney with the 'Goofs. They were being filmed so they had to play someplace, and since Ian, their drummer, does the booking for the Slither... This self-serving attitude (bumping the two scheduled bands back) turned me off them before they even came on stage. And besides, their "videographer" shined his fuckin' 1000 watt light in my face. They are sort of a surf punk band, doing entirely covers. They're not offensively bad, or anything.

Die Screaming put on an amazing show, as usual, even though they were on the shittiest stage in Toronto. It was their usual feedback barrage, punctuated by the insane antics of their singer swinging from the ceiling pipes, rolling around, and singing to my husband's boot. They confirmed my impression that they are one of the best stage shows in this town.

Masochistic Religion has added a new bassist, Jim, and they put on a great performance. They're moving away from melody and more towards noise. By the time they were through, Morgan Morgann had plucked all the strings out of his guitar, Ophelia had smashed hers and the stage was cluttered with broken instruments. No casualties were reported.

Phish
Foufounes Electriques
July 1

As part of the "Alternative Jazz Festival" at Foufounes, Phish played their first Montreal show. They apparently have a small but enthusiastic following in most of New England as well as New York, and with good reason. They play low-key, skillful music which is sort of like Frank Zappa meets the Grateful Dead. The five-piece band played for nearly two hours, doing lots of spontaneous (or spontaneolus-sounding) stuff, with lots of jamming, which is obviously their forté. They play really well together, unlike many bands of this style who seem to perform only to try to out-play each other before an audience.

The show started with a Zappa-esque number, with the band singing in a similar style to Frank himself. They covered a George Benson tune, but in their own fashion, which gave it their own treatment (being an "alternative" jazz fest, and all). The show was basically defined by one cool jam after another, lyrics not being too important to the music. Other instruments featured were a trombone for one encore, and a vacuum cleaner for their stranger-than-the-original rendition of Syd Barrett's *Bike*. According to some fans I talked to, they are used to playing really long shows, but Foufounes

Blue Smith

stops bands just after midnight to play stupid mundane dance music all night. So if Phish come back, and you want to take a break from thrashing, see 'em. They convey the fun they have on stage to their audience well, which gives their shows a cool atmosphere.

Erik Twilight

Scott B Sympathy
live anytime
anywhere in July

This is a supergroup if there ever was one. In case you didn't know Scott B was, and still is far as I know, bassist for Toronto Post-Punk dinosaurs Groovy Religion. Scott is also known as a bit of songwriter too—'scuse me, one hell of a songwriter. In fact he's been writing and singing them all on his own for longer than some of you have been listening to punk rock.

Scott B has this band that he appropriately calls the Sympathy. The members of this band include Iain Blurton (*Change of Heart*), John Borra (*Neon Rome*) and Gord Cummin (*the Lawn/Varis Tombley*).

If you think I'm gonna tell you that they are amazing, forget it. That would be too easy. You'll all just have to get up of your fucking ass and see them. I've seen them many times now and everytime I do I wonder how long it will be before I can't afford the cover. My girlfriend likes them and she hates everything. So There.

P.S. Marlboro

M.O.D., *Gross Misconduct*

Geez! It's looks like Billy Milano got a conscience for Christmas. His old band S.O.D.'s album *Speak English or Die*, and M.O.D.'s first album, *U.S.A. for M.O.D.*, were filled with racist, sexist, homophobic drivel that made enjoying the music kind of difficult. *Gross Misconduct* though is about as far from those albums as you can get. This time around Mr. Milano advises us to wear a condom while being intimate, he warns against drunk driving and recommends always wearing a seat belt. He says that drugs are bad and that being yourself is good. All of this is all delivered in the usual Milano wit "...young dumb and full of cum..." to the beat of some of that good ole N.Y.C. hardcore that everybody likes so much. Not too metal either. And they do an admirable job of covering the FEAR classic *I Love Livin' In The City*. So I'd say go out and buy it. (Virgin Records Canada)

John Coinner

Bl'ast!, *Take The Manic Ride*

The name says it all. Considered by those who know them as being the heaviest band on earth, this third album by the Santa Monica based band does a pretty good job of living up to it too. Their first album, *Power of Expression* was heavily influenced by **Black Flag** with a wall of guitar sound that was beyond metal or hardcore. After a slightly disappointing second album *Take the Manic Ride* has brought back the crashing raging power of the first LP. The Black Flag influence is still there along with elements of **Black Sabbath** and **C.O.C.** but the core of this band is simply Bl'ast! The songs range from complex grinding mayhem on *Look Inside* and *Blast It Black*, to short blasts (that word again) on *Abraxis* and *Overdrive*. This is not a band that you're going to take to right away, they take awhile to get used to. Definitely not background music to study by, but give it some time to grow on you and you'll understand why Bl'ast fans think that they deserve to be as big as **Slayer** or **Metallica**. Bl'ast! are the heaviest. (Cargo Records 1180 Saint-Antoine Street West Montreal, Quebec H3C 1B4)

John Coinner

Underdog, *The Vanishing Point*

I guess this is what you would call 90's hardcore. Lots of fast and loud stuff mixed in with reggae, funk, and metal and lots of financial backing to give it all slick packaging. Being a contemporary kind of guy I thought this would be right up my alley. Well, they had the right idea it just ended up being a really lame album. None of it really works. The singer's wailing voice doesn't fit the crunchy hardcore guitars, making the hardcore parts sound overdone and the metal parts sound underdone. The reggae is just boring. Terrible drum sound too. (Caroline Records, 114 West 26th Street, New York, NY, USA 10001)

John Coinner

Velvet Monkeys, *Rotting Corpse au Go-Go*

The "Velvet" in the band's name belongs there—Velvet Underground is the easy comparison for this band, though middle Beatles and early Wire aren't far off. Droning vocals and bass, fuzzy guitar, and lots of good short songs here. It's psychedelic, I guess, whether you think that means Gruesomes or My Bloody Valentine. This stuff was all recorded between 1980 and 1984, though, so I'd say the Monkeys had all those ideas first. For those who think "psychedelic" means you need drugs to listen, I'd recommend a few Neo-Citrans; this'll make your sinuses hum. One flaw: stupid self-indulgent liner notes, worse even than Og records (not possible—ed.). (Shimmy-Disc, JAF Box 1187, New York, NY 10116, USA)

Gerard Van Herk

Fred Lane and his Hittite Hot Shots, *Car Radio Jerome*

Good cover art, a collage of 40s-50s white

trash stuff with twisted additions. That about describes the music, too. It's lounge-jazz-R&B, with ironic sometimes-unpleasant lyrics and no-wave sax here and there. This record is good, and funny, but I couldn't listen to more than half of the very long *Dondi Must Die*. Warning: the nine songs on the LP aren't at all in the order on the jacket, and there's no label copy, so look out lazy CKUT DJs. (Shimmy-Disc, JAF Box 1187, New York, NY 10116, USA)

Gerard Van Herk



Soundgarden, *Flower*

This is definitely a weird band to look at judging by the cover (yes, I am of that superficial sort). Again, I didn't know what to expect. The first song starts off with this weird **Iron Butterfly**-ish sounds and I thought, "Oh gross! More sixties shit. And not even the cool stuff like the garage punk but the lame let's-meditate-and-unite-our-karmas stuff." But I was fooled. Soon enough, heavy guitar riffs come belching out and we are saved! What do they sound like? **Living Colour** keeps coming to mind, as does **Van Halen**, and maybe throw in those "heavy metal" bands like **The Cult** with a dash of **Poison**(?) and a pinch of **Ozzy**. (SST Records, P.O.Box 1, Lawndale, Cal 90260)

Miss Wendy

King Missile (Dog Fly Religion), "They" Remember that Monty Python skit where these tennis players keep meeting with bloody accidents? Picture Jonathan Richman starring in that skit, and you've got King Missile. This is nice flower-power pop, played well by two guys with their tongues so far in their cheeks they're gonna poke holes in their ears. Lyrics are really campy, often dissolving into tales of gore sung like Mister Rogers. Lots of short good songs (a good thing). You could play this for your parents or wimpy friends, and if they didn't listen too carefully they'd like it. (Shimmy-Disc, JAF Box 1187, New York NY 10116, USA)

Gerard Van Herk

Brian Ritchie, *Sonic Temple & Court of Babylon*

This is a chance for the Violent Femmes' Brian Ritchie to sing some earnest lyrics (standard targets: USA, church, military-industrial complex) and experiment with some eastern instruments and sound. The eastern flavour is pretty light, though, like a falafel stand in Kansas. It's basic US college-radio indie rock with a few neat twists. For some reason, listening to this record was like watching a Shriners parade. *Sonic Temple* must have been fun (well, at least satisfying) to make, but the result is uneven. (SST, P.O.Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260, USA)

Gerard Van Herk

The Leaving Trains, *Transportational D. Vices*

When I saw these guys live, they were noisy, grungy, and sloppy drunk. There's not much of that on this record, but there are still some good moments. It's rhythm guitar stuff, not "roots rock," not punk/HC... um, it's the LA guitar sound! It's a bit like Gun Club, if that helps. It's four guys with long hair in a stinky van, and when they play you can bop or thrash, depending on what part of

the dance floor you're on. (SST, P.O.Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260, USA)

Gerard Van Herk

Todd Rundgren, *Nearly Human*

This album makes me realize pop music has improved. No, don't laugh. It's true. There's nothing good here, but I prefer studio weenies trying to clone black crossover pop to Fleetwood Mac. Lyrics are about God, sex, and (disturbingly) how women deserve abusive husbands 'cause they don't leave them. (WEA)

Gerard Van Herk

Gene Watson, *Back in the Fire*

Cover art and liner notes try to get Gene identified with that "new country" thing, but this is more like 10% country, 90% CFQR music. I assume Gene's a recovering alcoholic or junkie. If not, I don't know why anyone's letting him put out something with so little spirit. (WEA, 1810 Birchmount Rd, Scarborough, Ont)

Gerard Van Herk

Tommy Sands, *Singing of the Times*

"Folk" is definitely a dirty word for most people I know. We make exceptions, of course. Why are the Pogues or Violent Femmes "cool" when someone like Tommy Sands of Ireland is not? Well, for starters, the music is far too mild. I realize it's probably hard to write energetic songs about the sad and needless death of your friends, but this, though well-performed and sincere, is too gentle for me. (Green Linnet/WEA)

Gerard Van Herk

Crimony, *The Crimony EP*

Tired, listless, piano heavy songs... this is that same sort of trying-to-be-earnest stuff that people who used to be in popular bands always seem to do to establish their "honesty" as performers. Hey, shoppers! Instead of buying so-so records by retreads you know, why not give something new a try? You'll thank me! (New Alliance, P.O.Box 1389, Lawndale, CA 90260, USA)

Gerard Van Herk

Martin Bisi, *Creole Mass*

Like much of the New Alliance stuff, this sounds more like a "project" than a band. Vaguely experimental, vaguely "ethnic," somewhat minimalist, with deconstructed versions of *Money* (Pink Floyd) and *Kaw-Liga* (Hank Williams). A lot of the people *Sound Choice* writes about are involved. Warmer and more "human" than most experimental stuff. What am I saying? I HATED IT! This is the kind of noodling that has "percussion" instead of drumming. It's BORING! It's New Age music for people who think they're too smart to be Yuppies! I know reviews are supposed to be "constructive" and "informative," but if I'd actually paid for this, I'd be PISSED OFF! (New Alliance, P.O.Box 1389, Lawndale, CA 90260, USA)

Gerard Van Herk



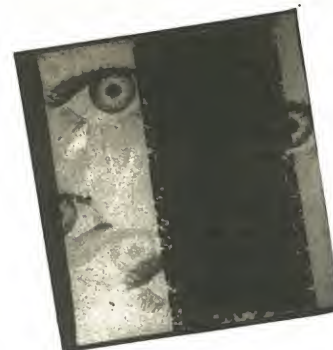
All, Allroy's Revenge

This four man group from Lomita put together a rather professional sounding twelve song LP. Every song on this album seems to sound completely different from the others tho it's amazing how similar a couple of the songs are to the 7 Seconds sound. There is only one pretty fast sounding Hardcore song

ON THE RECORD

on this album, the rest sound like they could make it onto American Top 40. Unfortunately there are no politically-oriented songs either (*Then again, some of us think of this as a plus—ed.*). Basically a very relaxing album, kind of like **Agent Orange's This is the Voice**. However, the drummer likes using his bass drums and the sound he emits is pretty cool. Thumbs sideways. I'm really not sure I like it. (Cargo Records, 747A Guy St., Montreal, Quebec H3J 1T6).

Derek Lebrero



Teknakuller Raincoats, *Burn 12"*

Dear Paul: I hate to pull a Blake Cheetah on you, but I can't review this. It's not fair for me to rip apart a record just because I don't like the style. I'm sure one of your other reviewers is wimpy enough to handle it. If I reviewed it, I'd say something nasty like "Lifeless redundant Rational Youth Seven Years Too Late, with real instruments TRYING to sound like synths," and then the record label (*Amok, P.O.Box 159, Station G, Toronto, Ont M4M 3G7*) would be angry and wouldn't send you any more records to review. Sorry again.

Gerard Van Herk

The Untouchables, *Agent Double O Soul*

I first heard of this band about a month ago when this Wayne character whom I work with, brought in, I guess, their first album. He said they were this ska band from LA which I might like. At the time, I didn't give it a good listen because it's just not kosher to listen to ska at work and get in a jolly, partying mood. Otherwise, you might actually enjoy what you're doing under the influence of all these great ska beats, and then how are you supposed to bitch that your job sucks and your boss is a fascist slave driver? Well, here I am at home and in a jolly mood so I decide to give this album a listen. Now, I don't know if Wayne's an idiot or they've drastically changed their sound but this doesn't sound like ska at all. Although it's got sax (I don't know if it

means anything), it's way more top 40. A bit heavier than **Fine Young Cannibals**, and a bit lamer than **Living Colour**. The singer's voice bears a terrifying resemblance to the singers of both aforementioned bands. Beware of this one song on Side A, it's a *Pump It Up* rip off. Do I like it? Not really. (Twist Records)

Miss Wendy

The Surf Trio, *Safari In A Living Graveyard*

I admit not knowing what to expect of this one but as soon as my needle hit the first groove and the notes squeaked out of my Strawberry Shortcake record player, three bands came to mind: **The Beach Boys** (for their lyrics), **The Ramones** and **The Fuzztones**. The latter two being rock gods and the former, over-the-hill, fat men trying to make a comeback. The back cover has photos of the band, maybe they're just not photogenic, but these guys look like dweebs. Totally Steinberg stock boy material. But don't let this fool ya, this is a definite cool album for those of youze into the '60s garage sound. And I know so many of you are after seeing that great Black Label commercial. Do wop do wah. Definitely two thumbs up! (Star Records, 148 Simcoe St. S., Oshawa, Ont L1h 4G9).

Miss Wendy

B.A.L.L., *Bird*

Hey, musicians! You ever go on tour, and the slimy promoter puts you up at an unheated house full of junkies who spend all day tattooing themselves and saying "fuh-uck" and playing the same record over and over again, and it's sort of arty slow hardcore with vaguely metallic solos and ranting vocals, and the junkies keep telling you one of the musicians used to be in some famous band, and they ask you what you think of it, and you have to say you like it because you've got nowhere else to stay and if you tell the truth and say it's nothing special you'll be up for hours arguing aesthetics, and you'll end up spending the rest of the night in a donut shop? Well, THIS IS THAT RECORD! (Shimmy-Disc, JAF Box 1187,

Gerard Van Herk

Dead Milkmen, *Smoking Banana Peels*

I think that bands that put out EPs with four or five versions of the same song have absolutely no idea what else to do (whilst waiting for a miracle that will give them the album). So, what then? Well, they're just going to fool around and mix a bit and then add cool titles like, *Nite version* or *Shake Your Booty Mix* and totally rip you off nine to ten bucks. The Dead Milkmen (whom I worshipped) start hosing us with *The Bill Cullen Trail Mix*. Totally acid house, happy

A LITTLE UNDERCOVER WORK



by BURNT BARFETT

The Beer Man Calleth

Not even the most slippery sunset nor the surliest of sunrises has appeared without bearing witness to the gentle wisping bellows of my mournful soul. These daily parasitic pleas evolved from a mixture of thirst and guilt (about three parts thirst to one part guilt).

Every morning I wake up with one, and only one, clear concise thought: Where is the nearest depanneur at and what time do they start selling beer at? If these meagre demands cannot be met, a dirge of repentful moans obeying an insane clock bolt out from my inner being and into what I call the "psycho-sphere" (an area of the atmosphere reserved for ghostly chants and dismal wails). Tumbling through this psychic breeze, they wallow down into a dearth of unheard moans. If these cries could be heard by the human ear they would sound sort of like a machine gun shooting off those embarrassing belching noises your hungry stomach makes in a quiet room.

How do I know about this elephant's graveyard of lament you ask? I don't, I just made it up.

The thirst of which I speak is for a lowly servant of the ancient palette:

BEER- a golden four letter word that should be on par with the word Zeus, but because of "modern technology" it has become synonymous with people in really big factories straightening labels and tightening tiny metal caps. BEER - the bubbly liquid that goes in amber and comes out white. The magic elixir that transforms cowards into heroes, clear-thinking beings into babbling brooks of unfettered unintelligencia, and wallets into empty wastelands of leather and vinyl. And finally, BEER - the all encompassing excuser of lateness, laziness and that lumpy liquid mess over by the couch.

BEER my friend, enemy and sometimes lover, your praises have gone unnoticed in the sober pages of the history books. Your origin is sketchy; some say you were first brewed by the German and Slavic tribes and used merely as a method of lubrication. Others say it was the Italians who would hold elaborate feasts celebrating the accidental creation of the perfect meal: beer & pizza. And there are still those very few who still believe you started out as the main ingredient in Dr. Gizmoz's three way laxative, sold through various bulky cloth covered wagons way before telephones were invented.

Not many have been anxious to admit to enjoying your simple pleasure. And fewer still have embellished their whole lives in order to cover up their obsession with you. But there are those mysterious rumors.

For instance, being honoured with the honour of being an honourable friend of Paloma Picasso, I can remember her being quite specific that her colorful husband would make a point of indulging only in Labatt 50. This of course was x amount of time after his Blue period and a substantial amount of space before his Carlsberg period.

As always the album cover scene is ripe with examples of my opinions. Take Kenny Rankin's album called Hiding in Myself. On the front of the album someone looking suspiciously like Kenny holds his middle aged hands in front of his face in the "oh-my-god-I'm-so-ashamed-pose". I was able to find out that just before this photo was taken Kenny was informed that his Sunday night habit of drinking beer and dressing up as Gomer Pile for an audience of honey-soaked German Sheperds had been recorded on video and is scheduled for release in the fall.

We can find traces of a beer twinged lifestyle in the Violent Femmes new album entitled 3. Although the album is the fab group's 4th effort they have cleverly named it 3. This for lack of a better reason is probably due to intoxication or trenditiezies, (a disease of whose main symptoms are the desire to be overly trendy and the tendency to sing "How much is that doggie in the window" while travelling over large distances of water.

Well that's it for me. See you next month. I hope.

(Hey, speaking of the Violent Femmes, whatever happened to Brian and ABBA at your stupid Bar-B-Q?—ed.)

faces and obnoxious fluorescent colours. I can't believe they did something like this. (Oh, they're so versatile) Maybe they smoked some banana peels and thought they were Bomb The Base or something. Following is the *It Ain't Over 'Til the Dead Milkmen Sing Mix*. Funky James Brown type thing transmorgifying into screeches and harmonies. On Side B is the *Mr. T for Two Mix*. more aceeed. And finally, the *Album Version*. You think that this is where the good stuff is, huh? Back to the 'Men's old way of rock n' roll? Ha! Wrong. More aceeeed. Hope this is not a foreshadowing of things to come from the Milkmen. (Enigma Records, 2183 Dunwin, Mississauga, Ont L5L 3S3).

Miss Wendy

Die Kreuzen, *Gone Away Ep.*

Uh, we're all grown up now, we've matured, evolution man. Yah I'll buy it. These guys are not the screamin' three-chord jar-head lords they used to be. However, they've discovered little things like melody and song structure, which is cool, but the new fangled *Die Kreuzen* needs a boot dans le sh-finct-er now and then. Side one, 'er studio side if you please, is party cool. Two tunes, *Gone away*, and an Aerosmith tune *Seasons of Whither*, not bad but I'm sure it'll take root and grow, grow, grow. Side two, live in a rock lord situation side, has five tunes. Three from *Century Days*, and two from *October File*. And, well, it's live. Yus gots yers ballads avec yers rock 'n rollers. Nuthin' jumps out at ya, it's kinda flat, but it's very rock solid and yer mood ring will spew out colors till the cows come home. *Die Kreuzen* combines the dissonance of some metal/hardcore bands with a haunting, plodding groove that always makes 'em sound like *Die Kreuzen*. I dig it, it's got a good beat, you can dance to it. I give it a 7.84623198603. (Touch and Go, P.O. Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625)

Brian Kassian

Love and Rockets, *Love and Rockets*

Unlike their last three LP's, this one is treated more like a collection of various songs than a concise unified album. The song selection alternates wildly between loud, distorted two chord grinds (*Motorcycle*, *No Big Deal*) and quiet mood pieces (*I Feel Speed*, *Teardrop Collector*) along with a first rate Motownish pop song in *So Alive*. Now for the complaints: *Jungle Law* may well have been a reasonably good song at one time, but the incredibly bad production here makes it sound like a messy demo; *Purest Blue* is a barren sound piece that worked fine as a B-side to a 12 inch last year, but looks like filler here; while *Rock 'n Roll Babylon*, with its heavy use of strings, just seems out of place. But as always, *Love and Rockets* deserve credit for taking risks, experimenting, and not treating their audience like idiots, which is more than you can say for many of their more successful contemporaries. (Polygram)

David James

The Cult, *Sonic Temple*

O.K. so we all know that the Cult are rip-off artists right? I mean they don't just borrow from their influences, they plunder, pillage and plagiarize everyone in sight: AC/DC, Sabbath, the Stones—you name it they've swiped it. The Cult can be good empty-headed fun if you don't let this bother you. So would you believe the Cult are now ripping off... the Cult? No really. Check out the *Fire Woman* single with its chorus lifted from *Phoenix* and the opening taken from *She Sells Sanctuary*. I could go on like this but why bother. If you like them you'll like this. (Polygram)

David James

Front Line Assembly, *Gashed Senses and Crossfire*

This album is not bad! Like many electro bands, *Front Line Assembly*, create a sound that's both appealing and disturbing to the senses of the mind. The music is like a

crossover between *Front 242* and *Skinny Puppy*. The album is roughly 45 minutes long and contains the singles, *No Limit* and *Digital Tension Dementia*. So for those "digitally tensioned demented people" looking for something to submit to for dancing or listening pleasure, then this album is for you. (Third Mind Records, 39 Dunlance Road, London, England, E5 BNE.)

Paul Bedi



Various Artists, The Great Fire of London I like some of this record. Okay, so you get thirteen songs from nine bands, and surprise, surprise, most are not bad. A lot of these groups come off as being real alternative bands, maybe without the distortion and screaming, but also without the fear and hatred that bands who typify themselves as such, often impart. The Brits must have a heavy crush on big time production, because everything here sounds plenty huge thanks. Musically the album contains elements of *Lou Reed*, *The Smiths*, *Echo and the Bunnys*, and *Half-Man, Half-Biscuit*. (Restless Records, Culver City, California, 90231-3628)

Ewan "Pal of Cheetah" McDonald

Xymox, *Twist of Shadows*

Those who were looking for that same intricately-woven gothic sound of *Xymox* (anciently *Clan of Xymox*) from the days of *Medusa*, are going to be surprised by the band's new sound. They have emerged from the dark abyss of nostalgia and are now blooming into the buoyancy of light-heartedness. They use to be a nocturne ensemble, to be listened to during grey rainy days or cold winter nights. But now you can listen to them in the sunshine as they have become less dismal. The singers, in addition to their sound, have changed: from *Peter Nooten*'s wails of melancholy to *Ronny Moorings*' sweet musings of ambition, which gives *Xymox* a more positive tone. However, their new sound is unfortunately less sumptuous: the rich filigree sounds are more simple, more clean-edged, almost dance-music oriented. Their panoply of percussions has been reduced to a single computerized beat. Nonetheless, the ambient jet-propulsive rhythms, the side-wind angel-like vocals and the well-synthesized cellos and trumpets are still there. (Polydor/Polygram)

Amanlee Choo-Foo

Handful of Snowdrops, *Land of the Damned*

Perhaps this Quebec-City-based band is dutifully applying Bill 178's inside-outside law: the songs inside the album are in English while outside, the cover's words are in French! You'll be impressed by the brilliant album design, very professional-looking. As for *Land of the Damned*'s music, I am disappointed. I heard *Handful of Snowdrops*' many demo tapes and I'm afraid to say that their unofficial songs from their demo tapes are ironically far better than the official songs from their first release. They've polished their sound so much that they've wiped off its substance... that is, that rustic layer that was beneficial to their electronic sound. What remains are cybernated and synthesized sounds that become almost too repetitious. Nevertheless, they have a couple of fair cuts in the line of *Trisomie 21* and *Xymox*, and they also have portentous Tolkien-like lyrics. Those

who like to plunge themselves into obscure, cryptic, almost science-fiction-like vibes, might want to check this out. (*Les Disques Noirs*, C.P. 870, succ. Desjardins, Montreal H5B 1B9).

Amanlee Choo-Foo

Felt, *Gold Mine Trash*

This is the music you'd play while veging on your balcony during the last weeks of summer: not too thrashily speedy to get you all hyper and excited, and at the same time, not too languidly slow to make you dully doze off...just the perfect "vegging speed"! It is a compilation of Felt's best. It includes tracks from 1980 to 1985 and even has Felt's encompassingly stirring ballad *Primitive Painters*, accompanied by the sprightly and childlike voice of Cocteau Twins' Liz Fraser. All of the songs permeate with the pristine tinkling of parched guitars similar to *Johnny Marr's* or *Modern English's* (circa *After the Snow*). The only let-down is the singer's staccato, out-of-breath voice which tends to become monotonously decadent. But the bonus is that the cassette version of *Gold Mine Trash* includes seven enthralling instrumentals and guitar solos reminiscent of the sixties' immortal *The Shadows*. (Jem Records, South Plainfield, New Jersey 07080 USA).

Amanlee Choo-Foo

Sturm Group, *Grind*

I don't know exactly what I expected from this Toronto group, but it wasn't quite like this. This is heavy-duty hardcore dance music, along the lines of *Ministry/Revolt-ing Cocks*, and a lot more intelligent than the "kill-me-again-and-it-won't-hurt-cuz-I'm-already-dead" legions of *Skinny Poopy*. Certain tracks reminded me of *Tackhead* even (which is sacred ground!) The title song, *Gin=Palace*, *Your Fetish*, and *Bubble* would be even better over a blasting sound system. (Amok Records, P.O.Box 159, Station G, Toronto, M4M 3G7)

Lorrie

Run Westy Run

More weird/quirky hard stuff from the band that named itself after a kindergarten reader. These guys from Minneapolis take delight in just putting together, sensibly or not, to a rockin' folk/punk kind of sound. They're supposed to be wild at live shows too. The names of the songs don't matter cuz they're just fragments of lyrics anyway... trippin' music... Kinda neat... (SST Records, P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, CA, USA 90260)

Lorrie



Dinosaur Jr., *Just Like Heaven*

These guys will parody almost anybody. A progression along the lines of *Bug*, but this time they're having a blast (literally) at the delightful expense of *Robert Smith*. (He likes the Dino Jr. version). They carry it off well, I guess, if you think the *Cure* are worth much. Dino Jr. play "electric drool". Yeah. Their cover of the title tune puts them in the same ranks with the *Buttholes* doing the *REM* tune *The One I Love*, but the song is lame compared to the third track *Chunks (A Last Rights Tune)* which blasts off to intersonic musical territory... definitely a neat little disc to own. (SST Records, P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, CA, USA 90260)

Lorrie

for cassettes only

Various, *Music from 'Scandal'*
I haven't seen the flick yet, but it's supposed to be sssteamy in that tight-assed Brit way. So things start off with the faded Brit starlet **Dusty Springfield** singing with the **Pet Shop Boys**. Retch-o-rama! But then there's some old songs that were hits during the era of the film, like an early **Fats Domino** track called *Jambalaya*, some **Nat King Cole**, a 1963 ska track from **Jimmy Cliff**, and even a monumental duet between **Peter Sellers** and **Sophia Loren**! I'm curious to see the context in which they're used for the movie. Better than your basic hip-dude soundtrack. (*Enigma Records, Culver City, CA, USA 90231-3628*)

Lorrie

The Wailers, *ID*
The Wailers have continued to play long after Bob Marley's death, and they still put on good live show. This disc however, is commercial reggae and dance music. I don't like it. Only one song is all right and that one is "Irie." (*WEA Records*)

Greg Miller

Devo album again, I don't know why. This live album has 4 tracks from that debut LP as well as two unreleased tracks plus 6 other previous album fillers with two charted hits (*Whip It* and *Working In A Coal Mine*) as well as a silly Disco medley. The only two tracks that do a tremendous lot for me are the opening *Jocko Homo* (where it all began?) with it's toned down approach (but they're still using guitars) and the second-to-last song *Gut Feeling*. When an old friend of mine heard this song, he said it was on their debut album to show the critics that they can play. Devo is a major part of my musical base but will probably never move me again as much as that Saturday night. I'm glad they are still here. (*Enigma Records, Culver City, California USA 90231-3628*)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

They Might Be Giants, *Lincoln*
What can I say, this is a top-notch album from what sounds like a clever band. The album is definitely not boring, it really is fun thing to listen to. After another half dozen listens this is going to be one of my favourite albums, I'm pretty sure of that. I just need some time adjusting to what it's not—it's not accessible, it's not easy to listen to. All 18 songs on the album are short but one that definitely does not go on long enough is *Purple Toupee*. Toupee is the reason I listen to music; this song jumps out of my speakers and grabs me by the balls and doesn't let go until the gap before the next song begins is over with. They Might Be The Giants is where I want to see Pop Music go in the future. (*Bar None Recordings, PO Box 1704, Hoboken NJ, 07030*)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Les Sheriff, *Le Grand, le maigre, Le petit, et le Gros*

Unlike most French punk bands, this one has a real drummer and not a beat box. What a difference it makes. This is good clean punk and roll. The songs are short, fast and well produced. Nice cover and lyric sheet. Good stuff, I like it, you should too. (*Cargo Records, 747A Guy Street, Montreal, Quebec H3J 1T6*).

Greg Miller

Mojo Nixon & Skid Roper, *Root Hog or Die*

Mojo's really difficult album—his follow up to 1987's *Elvis Is Everywhere*. Again Mojo picks up on the same themes: girls who make Nixon's dick hard (*She's Vibrator Dependent*), 80's trends (*Debbie Gibson is Pregnant with My Two Headed Love Child*), liberal politics (*Legalize It*, just the vice is changed from last album's *I Ain't Gonna Piss In No Jar*) and of course the obligatory Elvis tribute (629-239-KING). Mojo is going to last a little while longer the same way that Bruce Springsteen has lasted singing about cars, little girls and the night, and the way the Cure has lasted while singing about whatever depressing subject they sing about. *Root Hog...* is no concept album but I don't think I ever want to hear a Mojo Nixon concept album, so this'll do. He's going to keep his frat-boy audience but how long will it be before he's replaced by the Cowboy Junkies? (*Enigma Records, Culver City, California, USA 90231-3628*)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Devo, *Now It Can Be Told*

Now It can be told, I am a big Devo fan, that's after I got over my fear of them. Devo was on Saturday Night Live back in 1978 when I was listening to the Clash and dreaming of Chrissie Hynde. On my little black and white came this band dressed in yellow jump suits and flower pots on their heads with elbow and knee pads. They proclaimed the guitar would be dead in five years and then ripped through a song about de-evolution and the old Stones classic *Satisfaction*. Monday I got the album and for the next year I rarely took the marble coloured vinyl off my turntable. I never bought another

Uncle Sam, *Whiskey Slick/Rumble 12"*
Good ol' traditional raunchy garage rock 'n' roll which reminds you of drinking and jamming with high skool friends on a Satur-

day night at the bass player's parents' house until the neighbours (or his parents) call the cops and everyone staggers out looking for a place to crash. Fast rockin' A side with slower "blues" instrumental on B side. Nothing you haven't heard before. (*Skeller Records, P.O.Box 17423, Rochester NY, USA 14617*).

Colin Burnett

Radio Bond-age, *Compilation LP*
13 songs by 13 bands, mostly from France, with everything from accordion folk to drum-machine punk. Some stuff poppy, lots unlike anything I'm used to. Includes a track by the **Lords of the New Church** (their latest and first Bondage release), still Iggy-worshipping. **Les Nonnes Troppo** play funny street-busking, foot-stompin' stuff with *Roi de la Route*. Good tunes from **Ludwig Von 88** and **Berurier Noir**, but I still think they gotta lose the drum machines. Even though there's songs I don't like, this record has helped prove to my uneducated mind that you can sing in French and make it good. (*Cargo Records, 747A Guy St., Montreal, Quebec, H3J 1T6*).

Colin Burnett

Universal Congress of, *This is Mecolodics*
"Mecolodics" is defined on the back cover as "spontaneous creation" and "pure energy" in a musical sense. This is virtuoso musicianship without conventional structure—dischordant "free jazz", but never becoming too chaotic. Steve Moss' sax playing interacts and exchanges well with Joe Biaza's guitar work, backed up by a solid rhythm section. Two original songs much more experimental than three others (*Happy Birthday* will never be the same again). Joe and personnel have broken musical barriers, while avoiding the pretentiousness that is too often associated with this type of music. (*SST, P.O.Box Lawndale, Cal, USA 90260*).

Colin Burnett

Chemical People, *Ten-Fold Hate*
Good heavy guitar jock rock, the kind that makes you wanna crank your stereo, drink beer, smash windows, watch TV... whatever degenerate things you like to do. 13-year-old lyrics bring the whole thing down—some are stupid to the point of being funny, others just stupid. Don't know why they bothered to include them (or write them.) Cool instrumental wraps up A side. Musically hot, but you ain't soundin' nothin' but depraved singing *Cop a Feel*. (*Cruz Records, P.O.Box 7756, Longbeach, Cal., USA 90807*).

Colin Burnett

Treponem Pal, *Advance Tapel3 song sampler*

Scary psychopathic effects—induced music with monotonous shouting and fuzz guitar brought back memories of factory work. A few good ideas here, but would-be powerful progressions are repeated so often the songs become little more than boring. They tell us there's a whole LP coming out this fall. (*Roadracer Records, 225 Lafayette Street suite 709, NYC, NY, USA10012*).

Colin Burnett

Close Lobsters, *Headache Rhetoric*
Appropriately named. I'm wondering when people are gonna give up on playing this uneventful soft-guitar-pop-with-lame-vocals-bullshit because it wore itself out a long time ago and is only getting worse. If these songs once had any energy, it got lost in the mix—flat and droning. The whole thing sounds familiar, so it'll probably do well. (*Enigma Canada, 2183 Dunwin, Mississauga, Ont L5L 3S3*).

Colin Burnett

Tom Tom Club, *Boom Boom Chi Boom Boom*

Studio musicians sometimes complain about getting no credit for their contribution to a recording. In the case of the Tom Tom Club's latest, I imagine the backing musi-

So here I am, 4:30 in the morning, and I'm thinking to myself (that's because no one else will listen to me) "is it worth listening to the opinions of my co workers who have no interest in the music we review here in *RearGarde* in order to get a funny cassette column together?" Heck no, but what else is there to do at 4:30 in the morning. Besides, this column is never that funny anyway. So, once, once, once again, let me introduce you to the crew of neb reviewers for this month (incidentally, the picking was mighty slim). First off is me, Emma (ET), and extraordinarily intelligent, insightful and witty person. Next there's Peter (PS) who sums up the lyrical content of the music I listen to as "Fuck a truck, fuck a truck", he once again will be appropriately referred to as *Geek #1*. Last and least is Luc (LB), whose quick wit and strong opinions make this column what it is and we all know how lame that is. He'll be referred to as *Bobo Head*—a name his friends have come to love. Unfortunately (for whom?) the Queen of Disco, Alain, was absent from this month's proceedings. He was down in Vermont documenting the digestive process of horses and a chicken. Ah well, we can't all share in life's religious experiences. So onward and whatever...

The first victim for this month is Montreal's **Pale Priest of the Mute People** with a cassette entitled *Live at the Local* (and they mean live at the local). *Geek #1*'s first comment was probably the funniest of the night, "I think someone should try to sell their lyrics to Barry Manilow. Now wouldn't that be fast and a half." Ya, right Peter. This is some pretty neat stuff. It's cool roots hardcore, the kind where the band hasn't learned to play guitar properly yet so they can't do all those silly heavy metal leads (But be prepared for not-so-great sound quality). You know the stuff is good when Bobo Head, definitely not a hardcore type-a-guy, thinks this is good thrash stuff, as far as thrashing stuff goes. Make sure to see them live. (ET) (PS) (LB)

For info call: Gabe (514) 482-9067.

N-e-e-t is a band named **Corrupted Reputation** with *E.T. is Back*. Could this be another Quebec hardcore band? Yes! I've hit the jackpot this month, but unfortunately for my beloved co-workers, they had to endure the wrath of hardcore at full volume. I'd kill to be able to put them through that kind of pain on a regular basis. I heard comments like, "No Bobo it's not the cassette player in pain, it's the damn music that's coming out of it." Comments like this is why I pay these guys the big bucks. Anyway, **Corrupted Reputation** play some good hardcore. Reminiscent of the *Fall-Safe* school of hardcore, although I can't tell whether these guys are politically correct or not. The song titles vary from *Fucking Whore* to *Acid Rain* so your guess is as good as mine. The music is fast and hard although a little too minimalist. (ET) (PS)

c/o Carol Lafond, 701 Notre Dame, St-Suplice, Que J0K 3J0.

Behind cassette number three, we find **A Date With Judy**. This started off sounding quite promising, it sounded like raunch 'n' roll for a while, but then it pittered off into kinda-tap-your-foot-lightly 'n' roll. It's still pretty good rock stuff but just too tame for my taste. *Geek #1* shares this point of view (I must be doing something wrong), but he puts it oh so much more gently, "I think it needs batteries. Alternating current isn't enough to juice this baby. By the way, is this country and western?" Actually it's probably meant to be. (ET) (PS)

Photo/Design Associates Inc. 409 Front St E., Toronto, Ont M5A 1G9.

Ta-dah! Presenting **Fanatical Views** and their cassette entitled *Ecologic Disaster*. Well, I don't know, I'm beginning to run out of anything original to say about all these young, politically correct, hardcore/metal bands that seem to be turning up everywhere in these here neck of the woods. They're good for what they do, which is politically correct, hardcore/metal type stuff. If the Queen of Disco were here, he'd say something like: "great guitars, neat vocals" and "they'll make it big if they move to L.A.. Really." *Geek #1* skipped all the meaningless comments and went right to the heart of the matter by asking, "Why don't they have a violin player?" Hmmm... (ET) (PS) (AL)

Fanatical Views, 435 Du Fleuve, Beaumont, Que G0R 1C0. (\$6.00).

Geek! Next up is a band that goes by the name **Decades** and the cassette is entitled *The Rules, The Laws and Prophecies*. You all know by now how it pains me to slag any band, but I can't help this one. This is bad, this is torturous. I hate new wave music. You hear me? I hate new wave music. And this stuff is definitely from the English school of alternative pop music, better known as New Wave music and I hate it. They sound like a conglomeration of bands like **Joy Division**, **Smiths**, **Echo** and the **Foolishmen**, and on and on. You get the picture. If you really like that kind of stuff, this is ace, but get out of my face! (ET)

Decades Headquarters, 9221 Therese Casgrain, Anjou Que H1J 2E3. (\$5.00 at Dutchy's)
Yo, howdy. It's a bunch of cool cats that call themselves **Sinister Dude Ranch** with a cool tape called *Those Wanna-Be Cowboy Assholes with The Toy Drum Kit*. These guys are raunchy, rawdy, cowpokes with a sense of humour. They're all over the place and that's probably because they're, oh so inebriated (I'm just guessing here). Heck, it's catchy, boppin', rockin', smelly music you can holler to and, most importantly, drink heavily to. Yahoo and all that there stuff. (ET)

Sinister Dude Ranch, 575 King Street West, Hamilton, Ont L8P 1C3.

Introducing the **Dead Poets with Lifelike**. These folks are alive and well (?) thank you very much. Ugh, I wrote that! This is sloppy, slurpy, silly, sfun, spop music, with that punk/garage/raunch sound. I liked it very much and would recommend it to all my friends, even those I don't like. Bobo had just one earth-shattering comment to make, it went something like this; "I just wish the backing vocalist would start at the same time as the lead vocalist. It ends up sounding like they're stuttering." I guess he doesn't appreciate the art of punk rock man! (ET) (LB)

The Dead Poets, 265 St-Louis, St-Hilaire, Que J3H 2P9.

The **Scarlett Drops**, makes you think of a shit techno-pop band, don't it? But it's not, this is pretty intense rock 'n' roll, not especially innovative but then when has rock 'n' roll been innovative? The backing vocals are really neat and raunchy, they remind me of Exene from X. I just wish all the songs were graced with them. I'm sorry to add that both Bobo and *Geek #1* really enjoyed this tape and that leads me to believe that this band doesn't have a snowball's chance in hell or something like that. (ET) (PS) (LB)

Scarlett Drops, P.O.Box 15983, Merivale Depot, Nepean, Ont K2C 3S8. \$5.00.

Next up is **Cronicle Disturbance** with *No Tomorrow*. Unfortunately, the Queen of Disco wasn't around for this one either. They're from the prominent school of speedmetal music. Everyone offered an opinion but since none of them were worth mentioning, so I didn't. If you're into speedmetal, they do it well. They're super-fast and very intense. The pit kids would get off on these guys for sure. The Queen would recommend a move to L.A., but I suspect he says that because of the babes and not the music scene. (ET)

1220, Jean-Nicolet, suite 104, Trois-Rivieres, Que. G9A 1B2.

Now this was a treat. I received a cassette from Italy, and guess what? Speedcore is alive and well in the country of lasagna. The band is called **Brain Damage** and the tape is called *Kingdom Of Madness*. This is one of the first speedcore bands I've been able to get off on, they sorta sound like **Metallica**. They're mighty fast and darn good, almost prolific. The sound quality on the tape is also quite impressive, definitely worth paying the overseas postage for this one. How could you hate a band that lists among its influences **Voivod**, **Killing Joke** and **Negazione**. (ET)

Planet of Storms, Via Padova 14, Torino 10152, Italy.

Hey. They shifted the last tape in my direction coz they couldn't pin down just what it is. The tape's from the **Hated Uncles** and it's called *Variety Show*. You ever see these flicks about the Beat Generation in the 60's—all these skinny dudes wearing those funny-looking French artist caps and these skinny chicks (oops, "women") with long straight hair and overdone on black make-up and downers (sound familiar?), and everyone spouting poetry over bad minimalist jazz music, thinkin' these old poets were GOD man. The poets now host talk shows, the Beat Generation seals insurance from their BMWs and their muzak is (thank the Lord!) **Dead Dead Dead**. Except in Hamilton, where the **Hated Uncles** have kinda revived this thing with a little (but not much) steadier guitar backing. Nuthin' else. Is it supposed to be funny? With "song" titles like *A Man, a Penguin and Two Dancing Bums* and *That Damn Empty Feeling*, I guess so. Is it funny? If you say so. Is it worth your time. Sure. If ya like funny poets. (Johnny Zero)

There ain't no address on the stupid tape, man!

Thank's John, that was beautiful. If you've got demos/low release cassettes and ya want some free publicity, send 'em to RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal H3G 2N4.

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FILLER



WHY I HATE BATMAN!

by Warren 'Mr. Wonderful' Campbell

So, I'm constantly getting ragged by the editors at this fine paper about my column always being too short. Well not this time folks. I've found a subject I can go on about for hours on end, that's right this summer's fad, which (right after the humidity) is the most talked about thing going on around town. That's it, you know it... Batman.

Now I saw the beginnings of the Batman craze last October in Boston when everybody at the Rat (one of the first underground music clubs around) was wearing that winged object in all sorts of colours on shirts, hats, shorts and who knows if anything else. I really thought the whole thing was a local phenomenon and would never make it's way northward. I guess the free-trade vote changed all that. Actually, little did I know they were promoting that movie that is now raking in the entertainment dollar this summer.

There of course is a precedent for this type of thing as in recent summers some dopey song or dopey fad seems to hit and stay with us trendy Montrealers. In the past few years we were subjected to bermuda shorts (not a favourite of mine) that look so gaudy and silly that one wonders how anybody gets possessed to buy those things.

My all-time worst summer trend was those glow in the dark, green and blue neon rings that people wear around their necks and arms, whenever I saw those, choking was always a definite possibility.

1989: Overpassing "Don't Worry Be Happy" as the most annoying trend has been the Caped Crusader. For about three weeks I was able to claim to have seen a Batman shirt every day, then I gave up counting. Opening up newspapers I get to read stories about psychologists analyzing the characters in the movie and how plausible the whole story is. Give me a break, it's a fucking movie not some strange uncle.

As for the movie, when that thing came out, people I worked with lined up for hours to get tickets for the opening night. Now, it was around twelve o'clock in the afternoon and there were only tickets left for the midnight showing, so of course people were lined up getting ready to snatch up those midnight tix. Did it ever cross their batminds that maybe they could go Saturday morning or Sunday afternoon. I even heard of reports that there were people scalping their tickets at triple the ticket cost.

Fine, people are curious about going to see a movie and are reluctant about being the last on the block to see this year's batblockbuster. I can understand that, I've lined up all night for concerts and have rushed out for records the day they came out (like the Bruce Springsteen live box set, speaking of trends—ed.) but paying triple the cost for something you can see much easier over the next couple days sounds just a bit silly to me.

The movie is actually the least of my worries, it's more the whole marketing of the thing. Everywhere I turn I see Batman shirts, shorts, baseball caps, mugs, glasses, sunglasses and prizes in chips and soft drinks, who knows what else.

Enough already, I know the movie is out, it's a hit, congratulations. I know these kids think it's fashionable to wear Batman clothes but hey, it's just a dopey-fuckin' looking cartoon character. I sometimes wonder if there ever was a real-life superhero (with superhuman characteristics) would we make him a movie star with a cartoon strip and of course get the marketing agents goin' where they market t-shirts, cups and shorts, all in the name this superhero.

I would think that this wouldn't happen, but then think back, when Col. Ollie was in the news, there were Ollie shirts and cups and of course the Pope doesn't have a shortage of memorabilia in his honour.

I knew there were people who grew up with the television show (our own editor even claimed to have his first sexual experience watching Catwoman, that could be worth a letter) and some even came along with the cartoon book. To combat this whole Batmess I was going to grab a Batman Sucks t-shirt in New York but after thinking about it for a couple minutes I realized it would just be playing into the marketer's hands. Look, enough, let Batman last the summer but on September 1st no more Batman paraphenalia is allowed to be sold or worn.



cians will be forming a queue to get their names deleted from future copies. Oh, you thought the Tom Tom Club were this breezy summertime fling for a couple of toothy Talking Heads members. "Hey, what about those cool songs they did....bla bla bla...." Uh-uh, not this time. And Tina Weymouth must shoulder the blame for this dog. For it is she who is credited for the majority of vocal arrangements. Humane mixing does not erase the painful sound of her processed velteta breath goo-gooing on the microphone. Just goes to show you that a great track record can be voided by its cumulative effect on the old ego. (Sire/WEA)

Bob McCarthy

The Tatertotz, Mono Stereo

This is more like it! Not just your average subterranean supergroup, the Tatertotz. You may be scared off, or sickened, by yet another guest appearance from the members of Sonic Youth on vinyl, but Tatertotz projects traditionally draw the big names for their mix and match cover versions: Cherie Currie, Red Kross, The 3 O'Clock, White Flag, Shonen Knife, Pandoras... The list is endless. Wait'll you hear the ladies from Shonen Knife singing *Rain*. I mean, it all begins to make some cosmic sense. By the way, the Japanese all-girl band have a compilation album out soon, which you may be anxious to get. Or not. OK, on this record, various other Tatertotz elegantly rip through *Rock On*, *1,2,3 Red Light*, *Instant Karma*, and stitch together *Yoko Ono's lyrics for Who Has Seen the Wind* to *Queen's Bohemian Rhapsody*. Don't think of this as another parody album because their style and approach bears no resemblance to, say, *The Coolies*, or *The Swinging Erdutes*. So don't worry Kyoko, this album does not pale quickly, because the artists involved play it as straight as they can. What ends up happening is that you just sing along, or pound the floor. By muffling the giggles they redeem the songs. What Mono Stereo has going for it then, is, in a word, charm. The Tatertotz manifesto redefines the territory between Yoko Ono and The 1910 Fruitgum Co., and chews up their so-called "hilarious" competition out there in the alternative playground. I would pay to hear a song off this on AM Radio. (Giant Records: P.O. Box 800 Rockville Centre, New York, N.Y., USA 11571)

Bob McCarthy

Barren Cross, State of Control

More generic metal madness trash. All ten songs have that deja-vu air to them. Probably because they're ripped off from metal classics by other bands. *Cryin' Over You*, *The Stage of Intensity*, and *Love at Full Volume* just don't cut it, at any standards. There's *Iron Maiden*-esque vocals to *Led Zeppelin*-like guitar riffs. All of the long-haired musicians clad in ripped acid-wash jeans and leather look like rejects from other failed metal bands. They sure won't be on the next *Guns 'N Roses*. Stash this over-produced piece of vinyl somewhere between *Poison* and *Motley Crue*. (Enigma, 2183 Dunwin, Mississauga, Ont, L5L 3S3)

Sonja Chichak

King Swamp, King Swamp

This ten-track debut album indicates definite potential. Made up of ex-members of *Gang Of Four*, *Shriekback*, and *World Party*, this new band surprisingly has a completely original kick-ass sound. Their brand of rock and roll has an alternative flavour with some blues thrown in once in a while. The addition of singer *Walter Wray* has let in a breath of fresh air. His vocals are powerful, strong, and even raunchy. Masterpieces such as *Is There Love?*, *The Sacrament*, and *Blown Away* make up the "love song trilogy". Unfortunately, compared to the hard-edged, kinetic live sound, the album falls a tad short—probably due to over-polishing. But that's not to say it's not good; it's definitely hot. *Widlers Dump* and *Year Zero*, personal favorites, make this record a must for any

collection. (Virgin, 167 Merizzi, St. Laurent, Que H4T 1Y3).

Sonja Chichak

MCJ & Cool J, So Listen 12"

The vocals are a mixture between *Bobby Brown* and *Michael Jackson*. Call it rap, pop, hip-hop, it makes no difference. Actually, it's more like Rhythm and Blues, rap, and rock fusion. The three extended versions are just a little too much for one person to listen to in one day. Sorry, it all sounds the same to me. (C.E.C. Records and Tapes)

Sonja Chichak



Kirk Kelly, Go Man Go

This record is vaguely interesting. I can't help comparing this guy to *Bob Dylan*. Kelly plays acoustic guitar and harmonica on all but two songs, one of which is acapella. If this guy had visited Al Gunn, then his acoustic bass would not buzz annoyingly. He sings about politics primarily with a couple about women and trains. The accent of his voice changes somewhat from song to song. I most preferred his Irish accent. (SST Records, P.O. Box 1 Lawndale, Cal, USA 90260).

Ewan MacDonald

Stiff Little Fingers, See You Up There

This double album by the reformed Stiff Little Fingers was recorded live at a concert at Brixton Academy. It's definitely post-punk and extremely yummy. Shit, my turntable's on fire... Wait a minute... Okay, it's cool. Comparable to old *Clash*, the record is a perfect sampler for old fans and new fans alike. The beat's tight and loads of different basslines fill the air. It's reminiscent of *Generation X* and *The Stranglers*, but a little toned down. By the time this one was over, the neighbours were pounding on the ceiling, my mother was screaming, and my little brother was jumping up and down on his bed. (Virgin).

Sonja Chichak

Kinga Sex Boy, EP

So I fell into the deep ugly pit of marketing deception on this one. I was hoping I discovered some yet undiscovered short clone chunky chic clone. She would sing to me about how she needs a sexy boy to tuck her into bed, floss her teeth, ya know, cool stuff like that. All the signs were there. Some woman with big hair on the cover, sexy boy written over her left gazonga and three essential versions of the same tune. Depending on your mood, you can pick the latenight dance mix, the dub or for that special occasion, the 7" remix/edit version. But nooooo. Much to my dismay I endured a solid four minute of yer standard "guaranteed to make ya disco" music and then some dude, yes, some dude tellin me he's sexy boy nad he wants to give himself to me. He doesn't sound sexy, and he's probably got really bad hair. I'd wait til you're loaded and party down to this one at yer fav bar of disco, spend yer money on beer not this. (Amok Records, 159 Station G, Toronto, Ont M4M 3G7).

Patates Serge

Forbidden, Forbidden Evil

Here's another hairbag album from the vat of speedmetal hell at Combat Records. These bar chord lords chug and wank and wank and wank and chug, but when good 'ol supersonic speedmetalorama speed hits, the drummer's limbs kinda turn into jello and

he loses it. The singer isn't yer ughh singer hades, he's the AhhhOhhhWoo kind. You can actually understand what he's saying (unfortunately he's probably got a solid kindergarden education behind him). The riffs will make yer granny bang her head no problem, but it's pretty darn repetitive and dripping in cheese. If yer a speedmetal or die kinda person, this is fer you. If yer kinda picky about the music to which you bang yer long lovely hair to, dip yer arm in the old combat vat and choose again. If yer into *Kinga*, good day to you! (Combat Records, 187-07 Henderson Ave, Hollis NY 11423).

Patates Serge

G.G.Allin, Always Was, is and Always Shall Be

You won't be hearing this album at the local Womens Bookstore. And you probably will not be listening to these songs on the local college station either. I do think that if you were to stroll by a practice space someday you might hear some band bored to death by their set list thrashing out shit like this. G.G.Allin warps out the "fuck band" exhilaration by playing with this "gimme some, gimme some head" gimmick year-in year-out. I will skip the myth of live G.G. (b)analogy and get to the meat of the matter: This is prime young G.G., being a reissue of his first album, with six extra cuts. All his songs are crude and cruder, fast and faster and he lashes out at complacency by being ornery, obscene and orally obsessive. Recommended for drunken misogynists just squeezing into their rock'n'roll pants. (Black and Blue Records, suite 152, 400D Putnam Pike, Smithfield, RI, USA 02917).

Bob McCarthy

Screaming Trees, Buzz Factory

This record did not move me. Sometimes I can completely clear my mind and absorb myself entirely in listening to a record. While hearing this one, I thought about laundry, peanut butter and dishes. You'll hear a couple of distorted guitars, one with wah pedal throughout. I like the bass sound, but they don't let it shine through. Same old drum complaints: fat ugly snare, only hints of cymbals and thin bass drum sound. The vocals are quite varied but maintain a base in the hoarse hollering school. Grisly. (SST Records P.O.Box 1 Lawndale, Cal, USA 90260).

Ewan MacDonald

Last Exit, Iron Path

I like this record. Seems they forgot to tell the singer to come so the whole LP is instrumental. Distorted guitars, some rubbery fretless bass, drums, 32,000 different kinds of saxophones, some eastern sounding string thing and a jaw harp. It's kinda punk and jazz but more like jazz. I really like the drum production. One of the saxophones is so low and honky, it sounds like they fitted a reed, some keys and a bell onto a water slide and then got mo' nature to blow. It's lots to listen to. (Virgin Records)

Ewan MacDonald

Jimi Hendrix, Are you Experienced?

My room-mate and I, unlike Ewan, like this record. This man can play a guitar. Shit, he could make a mother cry, that's how good he is. I have a feeling that Jimi is going to be big some day. Real big. This man is ahead of his time. Outstanding tracks include *Purple Haze* (sure be a hit), *Foxy Lady*, the title track and my personal fave: *Hey Joe*. A definite must for any Misfits fan. If you play it loud, you can hear the music better. Later. (Reprise Records).

Rob Ben

Hey, you! If you want some free publicity in this grand rag we call *RearGarde*, it's real simple. Just send us free records and we'll write free reviews. That address again is *RearGarde*, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, Quebec H3G 2N4.

SUBLIMINAL SUGGESTION: GO TO THE REARGARDE BENEFIT. AUGUST 26 AT THE APOCALYPSE.

WHAT'S UP

Saturday, August 5
Albert's Hall: Rita Chiarelli.
Apocalypse: The Plasterscene Replacas, Word-up, these guys could get signed real soon. With th'engines over at Capitol. Dig Now or forever hold your willy.
Bamboo: Rollin Tones, Yikes!!!
Cabana: Paul Meyers, and Eternal Now
Cameron: Fifth Column, and as usual the 7-9 matinee featuring Johnny MacLeod, no cover, day price beer. Yo.
Clinton's: Red Collar Boy.
Entex: Svengali.
Lee's: The Phantom's.
Marquee: Ramiro's Latin Orchestra, 13 piece. Salsa man!!!!
Sneaky Dees: Freshwater Drum.

Sunday, August 6
Clinton's: Doug Watson Quartet. Your last chance before his Queen St. debut.
Lee's: Blues and Rock Jam as opposed to blueberry.

Monday, August 7
Albert's Hall: All-Star Week with Danny Marks, Cheryl Lescom and guests.
Cameron: Genevive.
Clinton's: The Fringe and The Junk.
Lee's: Banana Moon, Spoken Silence and the Fact.
Marquee: Frost in June, and Days of You.
Sneaky Dees: The Red Dogs

Tuesday, August 8
Albert's Hall: All-Star Week with Danny Marks, Cheryl Lescom and guests.
Bamboo: African Music, that's the music not the band. We're not sure who will be supplying said music as yet.
Cabana: The Shoppers, The Persuaders, and Frequency.
Cameron: Country Kitschen.
Clinton's: Suzanne Hookong.
Lee's: Taraf, and The Knockouts.
Marquee: Rude Jake and the Gentlemen Players.
Sneaky Dees: Mark Spector.

Wednesday, August 9
Albert's Hall: All-Star Week with Danny Marks, Cheryl Lescom and guests.
Bamboo: Alex Konadu.
Cabana: Leslie Spit Treco, Bessarion Parkette and The Winslow Brothers.
Cameron: The always entertaining Garbagemen.
Clinton's: Rant'n' Rave and Leslie Spitt Treco, Serge man, where's the jazz?
Entex: Meatloaf. Whewee, ouch that hurts, ooooooweeeee, oof.
Lee's: Hiemlich Meneuver, Jellyfish-babies and Black Bet.
Sneaky Dees: Big Sugar.

Thursday, August 10
Albert's Hall: All-Star Week with Danny Marks, Cheryl Lescom and guests.
Bamboo: Alex Konadu.
Cabana: Go Bimbo Go, and The Wire Service.
Cameron: Lest we forget The Nancy Sinatras.
Clinton's: Bill Mann and the Band.
Entex: Freewill (Rush Tribute) or Soundgarden Tribute, you choose.
Lee's: Pain Killers, AKA and the Temple
Marquee: Cyril Way Band

Friday, August 11
Albert's Hall: All-Star Week with Danny Marks, Cheryl Lescom and guests.
Apocalypse: Look People. Yup, they're

still around. Not only that but I hear they got a new record too.
Bamboo: Remmy Ongala.
Cabana: The Gravity Show, and Raw King Alligators.
Cameron: Sea Elephants, and of course because it's Friday their will be the usual 6:30-8:30 matinee featuring Bratty, never a cover, cheap beer.
Clinton's: Yo, after a hiatus they back-The Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet.
Entex: 21 guns.
Lee's: Bourbon Tabernacle Choir.
Marquee: Cyril Way Band.
Sneaky Dees: Nick Loogun.

Saturday, August 12
Albert's Hall: All-Star Week with Danny Marks, Cheryl Lescom and guest.
Bamboo: Baaba Maal.
Cabana: Friends of the Night, and Crash Opera.
Cameron: High Lonsome and as usual the 7-9 matinee featuring Johnny MacLeod, no cover, day price beer. Yo.
Clinton's: The Phantom's.
Entex: Scarecrow.
Lee's: From New York, The Toasters with King Apparatus.
Marquee: Cyril Way Band.
Sneaky Dees: Texacana.

Sunday, August 13
Apocalypse: This is the great CHRY hardcore Benefit with, I'm told, eight bands appearing including Boston's legendary Lemonheads. Cover will be around \$5 and will go to a very worth while cause. Oh yeah, Did I mention that it's All-Ages? The Lemonheads are also Taang Recording Artists. So There.
Clinton's: Graeme Kirkland and the

Albert's Hall: Leslie Spit Treco.
Apocalypse: Making a strong comeback after being replaced by Dion on the Lou Reed Tour, probably a blessing in disguise, Maureen Tucker and Half Japanese featuring Jad Fair, the last living mortal to have had contact with Daniel Johnson.
Bamboo: The Monday Jazz series continues with Holly Cole.
Cabana: Acoustic Night.
Cameron: From Texas Trout Fishing in America.
Clinton's: The Crush.
Lee's: The Village Idiots, and yo, these guys, or guy depending on how you look at it, are my pick for new and rehased Rhythmic Flux.
Sneaky Dees: Flip Side.

Tuesday, August 15
Albert's Hall: Leslie Spit Treco.
Apocalypse: Factory Recording Art-ists Happy Mondays.
Bamboo: The Heretics, Channel 6, and Robert Priest.
Cabana: Fools For Jade, Picture Saints and the Persuaders.
Cameron: The Amateurs. Hopefully they will be getting paid for this evening.
Clinton's: The Fact.
Lee's: Dreaming in Color and Ace Boy

Sneaky Dees: The Fringe.

Wednesday, August 16
Albert's Hall: Leslie Spit Treco.
Bamboo: Bop Harvey.
Cabana: Michael Byram and The Gargantuans.
Cameron: This is your chance to see

The Forbidden.
Bamboo: Bop Harvey.
Cabana: Vacant Lot with The Corner Boys.
Cameron: The Nancy Sinatras. I'm sure this is everything you'd come to expect from the name. I'll be there.
Clinton's: Carmen Westfall and The Textones.
Lee's: Sattalites.
Marquee: The Grind and Joe Webber.
Sneaky Dees: Big Rude Jake and the Gentlemen Players.

Friday, August 18
Albert's Hall: Back from a little wood shedding and ready for the world, The Bourbon Tabernacle Choir.
Bamboo: Bop Harvey.
Cabana: Supreme Bagg Team with guests.
Cameron: Ron Sexsmith and of course because it's Friday their will be the usual 6:30-8:30 matinee featuring Bratty, never a cover, cheap beer.
Clinton's: Gordie Johnson and Big Sugar.
Lee's: Jack Dekeyser.
Sneaky Dees: Screamin Sam.

Saturday, August 19
Albert's Hall: Back from a little wood shedding and ready for the world, The Bourbon Tabernacle Choir.
Bamboo: Bop Harvey.
Cabana: Supreme Bagg Team with guests.
Cameron: The much sought after Touchstones, see them now while you can still afford it. As usual the 7-9 matinee featuring Johnny MacLeod, no cover, day price beer. Yo.

TORONTO

Lee's: Rock and Blues Jam.
Sneaky Dees: Folk Jam 2-6pm Lee Warren's Electric Roots 7-11pm.

Monday, August 21
Albert's Hall: From Texas, the largest State in the Union, Mel Brown and Silent Partners.
Bamboo: Monday Jazz with Nick

Bamboo: Carlos Lopez.
Cabana: I Want, Pale Criminal and Bliss (not the hardcore one).
Cameron: Terry Cad.
Lee's: The Rituals and Modern Groove.
Sneaky Dees: Kenny King and Rock-ing Horse.

Wednesday, August 23
Albert's Hall: From Texas, the largest State in the Union, Mel Brown and Silent Partners.
Bamboo: Raphael Lima.
Cabana: The Gargantuans, Gregory Hoskins and the Stick People.
Cameron: The Garbagemen.
Lee's: Wammee, The Cockshell Heros, and Enjoy.
Marquee: 100 Flowers.
Sneaky Dees: Lost Highway.

Thursday, August 24
Albert's Hall: From Texas, the largest State in the Union, Mel Brown and Silent Partners.
Bamboo: Sattalites.
Cabana: Carlie Kert Band and Inside Out.
Cameron: The Nancy Sinatras.
Clinton's: High Lonsome.
Lee's: Bruno Gerusi's Medallion. A great TV show, not sure about the band.
Sneaky Dees: The Tex Styles

Friday, August 25
Albert's Hall: From Texas, the largest State in the Union, Mel Brown and Silent Partners.
Bamboo: Sattalites.
Cabana: Death Among Friends and Love in Silence.
Cameron: Wipeout Beach and of course because it's Friday their will be the usual 6:30-8:30 matinee featuring Bratty, never a cover, cheap beer.
Clinton's: Molly Johnson and Big Sugar. She's good, she's very good.
Lee's: Tall New Buildings.
Marquee: Automatic Slim and The Pinedogs.
Sneaky Dees: Carmen Westfall and High Noon

Saturday, August 26
Albert's Hall: From Texas, the largest State in the Union, Mel Brown and Silent Partners.
Apocalypse: RearGarde Benefit, Rear-

Garde Benefit, RearGarde Benefit. Featuring Mallot Head, Rise, Rocktapius, Baby Judas, the Stratejackets and Tent of Miracles.
Bamboo: Sattalites.
Cabana: Nigel March and Absolute Whores.
Cameron: Cindy and the Slammers and as usual the 7-9 matinee featuring Johnny MacLeod, no cover, day price beer. Yo.
Clinton's: Uncle Social.
Marquee: Modern Groove and AKA. Upstairs; the Dance Jam kick ou...
Sneaky Dees: The Glory Boys and Heartland.

Sunday, August 27
Clinton's: James Pett Tri.
Lee's: Rock and Blues Jam.
Sneaky Dees: Folk Jam 2-6pm, Lee Warren's Electric Roots 7-11pm.

Monday, August 28
Albert's Hall: Buzz Upshaw, Probably a legend someplace.
Bamboo: Monday Jazz with Reg Shwager featuring Don Thompson with The Lorne Lofsky Quartet.
Cabana: Acoustic Night with special guests.
Cameron: Doug Watson Quartet
Lee's: Random Killing.
Sneaky Dees: From Montreal, Medicine Men.

Tuesday, August 29
Albert's Hall: Buzz Upshaw, Probably a legend someplace.
Bamboo: Cocada.
Cabana: The Gargantuans.
Cameron: Michael Fitzgerald as Bitch Diva. What a great idea for a quaint, wholesome Tuesday evening out eh?
Clinton's: Amateurs and the Cajun Ramblers.
Lee's: Purple Joe, Medicine Men and Clockwise.
Sneaky Dees: Michael Brendon and Wake-up Tracy.

Wednesday, August 30
Albert's Hall: Buzz Upshaw, Probably a legend someplace.
Bamboo: Cocada.
Cabana: Gregory Hoskins and The Stick People.
Cameron: Your faves and mine, The Garbagemen.
Clinton's: Mark Spector.
Lee's: From Buffalo Uncle Sam and Zapp City
Sneaky Dees: Great Lakes Benefit.

Thursday, August 31
Albert's Hall: Robert Noll.
Bamboo: Bonconganistas, Reggae.
Cabana: Dreaming in Colour.
Cameron: Nancy Sinatras.
Clinton's: Marianne Girrard.
Lee's: Freshwater Drum, Red Collar Boy and Boys Hygiene Club.
Sneaky Dees: Palladium, Jazz or Rock, you decide.

Attention Listings contributors and readers. Please accept our apologies for the slim pickings in this months Toronto listings. Either it was a lag left over from our holiday or everybody at the bars decided to take one. Note the address column for phone numbers, most of these places have recorded messages or kind and uh, helpful staff. So call already. For any enquiries, additions and all around info please send all correspondence to: Rear Garde Toronto, c/o CHRY, 4700 Keele St. Vanier College #258a, North York, Ontario, M3J 1P3, Att: Phil Saunders.



Roctopus play the RearGarde Benefit at the Apocalypse on the 26th

PHOTO: Derek Von Essen

Wolves. My pick for most effective album art and in yer face P.R.
Entex: Four Way Street.
Lee's: Not marmalade, peanut butter or mayonnaise. Jam, Rock and Blues that is. Cover? are you kidding? Take-off eh?
Marquee: Dj Prince Charles and Dj Jevier.
Sneaky Dees: Folk Jam 2-6pm Lee Warren's Electric Roots 7-11pm.

Monday, August 14

the ever satisfying Scott B. Sympathy.
Clinton's: Courage of Lassie Well dogonit.
Lee's: Days of You and Automatic Slim.
Marquee: Bill Mann Band.
Sneaky Dees: Leslie Spit Treco.

Thursday, August 17
Albert's Hall: Back from a little wood shedding and ready for the world, The Bourbon Tabernacle Choir.
Apocalypse: Sacred Reich with guests

Clinton's: Where Rockabilly Blues is always King Biscuit Boy. Alright.
Lee's: The Rain with Kelso.
Sneaky Dees: The Fatales.

Sunday, August 20
Apocalypse: American Standard, probably a really Shitty band, with a name like that they're just asking for it. I'm told members of Dagnasty. with Swiz.
Clinton's: Cooling as always NOMA. That Jazz from hell is here to stay. Dig?

Gotham and the David Mott Quartet featuring Maureen Meriden.
Cabana: Acoustic Night.
Cameron: Cartridge Family.
Lee's: Sing Along with Tatto, Picture Saints, and Skaface.
Sneaky Dees: Bandwagon.

Tuesday, August 22
Albert's Hall: From Texas, the largest State in the Union, Mel Brown and Silent Partners.

LIFE in ROCK N ROLL
Wiff Melvin
VOLUME: 1
ISSUE: 10
"Jazz Festing"
SEPT 14 @ 89

How MUCH???

COOL YAS YAS WOW
ABSTRACT HUMNN
OOOH MILES YEAP
OOBLIDYBOPPE
SCATTY EAH
BLUES
KE-HOHO

Think I'll Follow the Dead for a coupla months

Hey, why doesn't he turn around?

BOY THESE PEOPLE ARE WEIRD

LUDWIG

VON 88

RearGarde: One of your songs is called *J'ai tué mon père* (I killed my father). Do you think people are gonna take you seriously when you say that you killed your father?

Karim: Yes, yes, yes. You know, when I was young, I was working for de cosa nostra; I was killing for de cosa nostra, and my father ... euh... roz-beef, and... he's dead, he's dead!

RearGarde: But, with all your props, you change suit every five seconds...

Bruno: Every six and a half seconds!

RearGarde: What does that mean? Are you trendy?

Karim (still sporting an Italian accent): That means that when I go on stage, I am very cool, so I put lot of trousers on my head. And when I pull off the trousers, I go very wild!

RearGarde: A strip-tease!

Karim: I get very warm, very warm, and then I take off the clothes, I take off the clothes, I take off the clothes, and at the end you can see my poizl(hair)

RearGarde: Your poizl! But that's obscene!

Bruno: No it is not!

Karim (singing, Italian accent): Life is life, la la, la-la-la.

Bruno: It is natural! Nobody has hairs in America?

Karim: I'm sorry, but God Created Man with Furs! ...

Bruno: And dicks, and fufounes and bites!(dicks)

Karim: And God did it on purpose, and if God did it, that is good!!!

RearGarde: Wait a second: How can you pretend that you're in a band when you don't even have a fucking drummer?

Karim: A what?

Bruno: A what? We don't know what a drummer is, we have a little box like this: tut-tut-tut, tudut-tut, tut-tut!

RearGarde: At least you could have an accordion player...

Karim: We used to have an accordion player, but last time we went to play Japan he was killed by a samurai.

RearGarde: Somebody told me that in Toronto you played for some cause... what was it? Weapons or something?

Karim: Weapons?

Karim and Bruno: Waaaaaahaaaaa!

RearGarde: ...against war. Ah, that's nice, really nice...

Karim: Ah... toothpicks! No, no, not toothpicks!... Ah... Dogs? No, not dogs!

Bruno: Not dogs!

Karim (Russian accen): Missiles! Zuzkov leeches!

RearGarde: So you guys are a serious band, right?

Karim: We work for ze Rredd Army!

The soundman: They speak, they talk, never without a lawyer...

Karim: I am ze eye of ze law. We are from the red army and if we fight against America's missiles, we have a nuclear-free zone, which is Canada, which we can bomb

at ease because: (singing): There is no missiles in Canada! Wee peerree pee pee! *Here, Goupil entre en scene with his skin-head look.*

RearGarde: Is this guy a roadie? Oh, he's the guy who carries the *Hou La La* pancarte! (banner)

Karim: Zis guy is a jerk!

Goupil: Just call me rude-boll!

RearGarde: Are you making fun of the poor heavy metal people?

Karim and Bruno: No, we're not making fun of anybody... except the skin-heads. Boo boo boo, fuck them!

Goupil: Hello! My name is Goupil!

RearGarde: Look, I'm gonna be ze devil's advocat O.K.? You guys talk against skin-heads, and look at this guy!

Goupil: But... but... I am not a skin-head!

RearGarde: What was it? An accident? *It is now the general chaos. Everybody's talking at the same time.*

Goupil: Please... please... Please!!!!!! One moment! Just to go in a skin-head group, and say "Hello hello hello!", and after I have no hair, and Poom Poom!

Soundman: Bon O.K., tu la ferme maintenant, t'as dit assez de conneries ce soir! You see, Goupil... he has a mental disease, so we have to cut his hair.

Goupil: Look look, a little lobotomy... because: I'm an excellent driver, meep meep! I'm an excellent driver, meep meep! I'm an excellent driver, meep meep!

RearGarde: So, you talk a lot about *baise* (sex) in your songs...

Bruno: Baise-ball!

RearGarde: No, *Baise, baise* !

Bruno: Fuck!

RearGarde: So, you know that *baise* means sex...

Bruno: Yes, fuck! Fuck!

RearGarde: You're promoting Aids.

Bruno: No, we say that Aids comes from McDonald's and if you stop eating McDonald's, you stop having Aids. (*Geez, I hope that ain't so—ed.*)

Karim: I wanna say something: when I was young, I was straight-aid...

RearGarde: Straight-edge?

Karim: No, straighted, that means that I was sick. But now, I feel better, you know why?

RearGarde: You went to a mental hospital.

Karim: No, I went to church! Thank you God. Thank you God.

Bruno: Yeah. This tour is sponsored by

God himself.

RearGarde: You mean you know him, you talk to him?

Bruno: Yes, we see him every week-end to play bridge.

RearGarde: Does that mean that God is not an American?

Bruno: No, no, no, he is not American!

RearGarde: Is he French?

Ze bass player comes into the scene.

Bass-player: My name is Clarke Gable... no... Stanley Clarke.

RearGarde: What about Jaco Pastorius?

B.P.: No no, Stanley Clarke.

RearGarde: O.K., you're more bubble-gum sounding.

B.P.: Yeah yeah yeah...

RearGarde: Who comes up with the ideas for songs in the band?

B.P.: Robert Charlebois? Gilles Vigneault? *Bruno, ze guitar playeur, is entering en scene again.*

RearGarde: Who's your favorite guitar player?

Bruno: Let me think... Georges Brassens! He's a very good guitar player.

RearGarde: It's true, he does good solos...

Bruno: But he's dead. He's dead and it's very pity cos I loved him.

RearGarde: People who read this paper are english so you must explain who he is.

Bruno: Well, he's a very good French singer and guitar player...

RearGarde: Does he play on M.T.V.?

Bruno: Oh yes, he played around the world...

Goupil: He has a big moustache!

RearGarde: Oh yeah, I know him! He is buried in la plage de Sethe.

Bruno: Yeah, in the beach of Sethe, the Seth-Beach.

Karim: I want to tell something to ze english auditors: I dream! I dream! I dream a

lot.

RearGarde: Yes, so what? Are you guys aiming for international stardom?

Karim: Oh yes! Definitely! We are going to play in Africa, Bangla Desh... we are all members of the United Liberty For Everyone!

RearGarde: How come you don't wear a beret basque when you play?

Karim: Because I wear the Colosse of Bilbao, you know? White and red!

RearGarde: I like Pollux a lot. I was very insulted when I saw that you were making fun of him...

Bruno: No! We're not making fun!

RearGarde: Cos Pollux is a good guy, and so is Zebulon, tournicoton!

Karim: Of course! We met them and they said: "Alright, you can do a hardcore with Pollux, we're gonna have a band called *Pollux in the City*, and..."

Soundman: I learned english at Oxbridge. *Quelqu'un:* Pourquoi que tu les interviewe en anglais?

RearGarde: Parce que Reargarde a deja fait un interview d'eux en francais pis que

ca me tente pas de toute traduire... D'habitude Reargarde fait jamais deux interviews du meme band, mais y ont fait une exception...

Goupil: God is neither French or English, God is a woman, God is Black, God is homosexual and he has aids! And he likes drugs! Jesus was ze first man who invented crack!...

Interview conducted by Ch'Alice Camshaft.

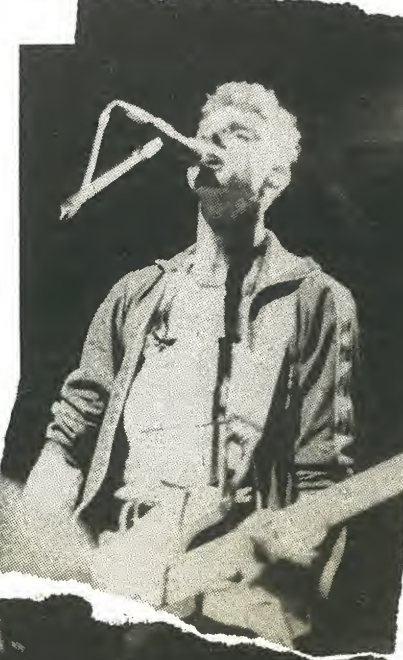
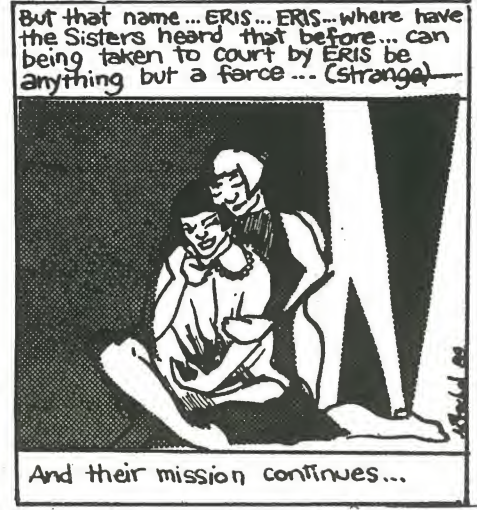
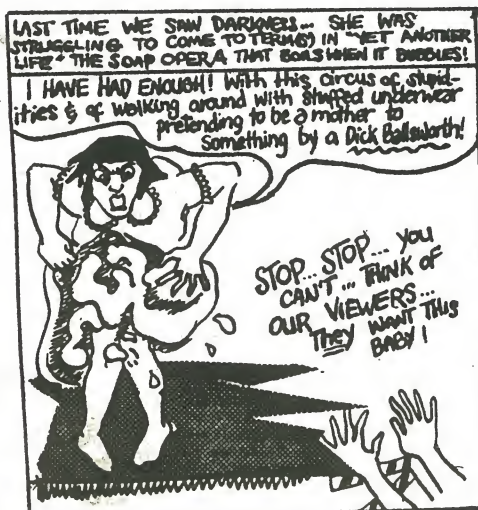


PHOTO: Susanne Elbrond



BY RIA STOCHEL

LIFE AMONG MIRTH AND DARKNESS





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August 10

**THREE O'CLOCK
TRAIN**

August 13, 15, 16

ELVIS FEST

August 18 & 19

JERRY JERRY
AND THE SONS OF RHYTHM ORCHESTRA

September 2

**PORTABLE
ETHNIC TAXI**

- 6. Wild Frontier
- 7. Battle of Bands w/ Up In Arms & Savage Garden
- 8. Ashes and Whiskey
- 9. Jam Session featuring Rob McDonald
- 11. The Scraps & The Lonesome Canadians
- 12. Medicine Men
- 13. The Resurrection of Elvis
- 14. Battle of Bands w/ Playhouse & Bargain Hunters
- 15. Elvis Wars!
- 16. Elvis Wars finalists
- 17. Troubador
- 20. YCK Inc.
- 21. Battale of the Bands
- 22. Frozen Soul
- 23. Jam Session featuring Rick James
- 24. Decades
- 25. The Fact & Guest
- 26. The Fact & Faces Weave Scene
- 27. Wet Bags
- 28. Battle of the Bands
- 29. Scratch and Sniff
- 30. Jam Session featuring Rob McDonald
- 31. Raw Hex
- September
- 1. The Droids & Stratejakets
- 3. Oliver's Army
- 4. Battle of the Bands

Drum Wars

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REARGARDE BENEFIT AUGUST 10 11 12 FOUFOUNES 15 BANDS

Even though the listings are pretty tame this month we figured we'd include our normal disclaimer. After all, it's always when we think we're not going to get into trouble that we do get into trouble. So, the following listings were compiled by Claudia D'Amico and then written by That Real Funny Guy, Warren 'Mr. Wonderful' Campbell who we don't really know that well and probably couldn't even pick out of a police line-up... not that he'd be in a police line-up or anything... and we really don't pay a heck of a lot of attention to what he writes SO DON'T BLAME US. If it looks unreal, it's probably not real... And remember, when in doubt, phone the club...

Okay, so some of you thought the disasters listed in last month's listings were

funny and some thought they were silly. Well too bad if you thought it was silly because this month it's going to get sillier. I had forgotten my disaster book and my weather calendar so I had to rummage through our editor's apartment and search for some sort of reference book. All I could find was a bunch of Stephen King books and some of other dopey fictional reading material. Now with my tremendous aversion to anything fictitious (except for these listings—ed.) I kept on-a-searchin' and came across some atlas from 1985 called the Goode's World Atlas. Leafing through I discovered, on page 18 & 19, a listing of orders and suborders that make up our planet, so affectionately called Earth. You see all that dirt down there can be classified, so coming up you'll find 11 variations on soil with

their Greek and Latin prefixes which will explained, have fun...

Tuesday, August 1st
Rising Sun: Dance Hall Reggae and *Mango*.
Station Ten: *Sinners and Saints*. Now is this two bands or one with two names? I guess the only way to find out would be to go to the club. By the way, the name 'the Sinners' has been used many times before including twice in Montreal. Apparently Michel Pagliaro used to be in a band called the Sinners and there was once a French Punk band called Les Sinners. The first kind of soil are Alfisols and, no, they're not based on the TV show. Alfisols are podzolic soils of middle latitudes. They have grey to brown surface horizons. Parts of the world that have soil like this include

Brazil, other parts of South America, Middle Africa, the Soviet Union, most of India, China and Australia.

Wednesday, August 2nd
Rising Sun: Dance Hall Reggae and *Mango*. Boy this must be popular, they're doing it here 8 times this month.
Foufounes: *Pussy Galore* from New York with *Shlonk* and *Bliss*. Five big bucks for this one. New York stuff I guess.
Cafe Campus: *Grapes of Wrath* and the *Whirlygigs* from Ottawa—two good bands who put out disappointing albums. Maybe one day. Five bills for this one also.
Station Ten: Jam session with *Rick James*... of *Super Freak* fame?

Thursday, August 3rd
Rising Sun: *Mango* featuring *Sir Monti*.
Tycoon: *Mackenzie King & Co.* For all you kids out there Mackenzie King was an old Prime Minister of Canada and he used to talk to the ghost of his dead mother or something weird like that. Definitely one of our weirder great Canadians.
Foufounes: *Wondeur Brass* and *Nitroglycerine*. Another benefit for all you kids to pay and for all these groups to make big bucks off little bands. This one is for Passages, a group for ladies problems. I hazard a guess.
Station Ten: *Dream Sadly*. Only after seeing this show. By the way whatever happened to the folks from Sunday Night Comedy?

Friday, August 4th
Rising Sun: *Mango*.
Tycoon: *Ray Condo*. Without the Hardrock Goners? Doubt it, enjoy, should be a great show either way. Hey Ray, how's the album doing?
Foufounes: *Condition*. Urban-primitive swing? Nah, not anymore, they're now sound like the Cure... well, both their new albums have a lot in common, thematically that is. This is one band that promises to remain interesting... Check them out, it could be a learning experience. Another top of soil is Aridisols, which means dry soils. These are soils which are pedogenic horizons lower in organic matter and dry for less than 6 months of the year. Salts may accumulate on or near the surface. Parts of the world where you'll find this is lower South America, lower Africa and Australia as well as right along the equator.
American Rock Cafe: *I See Red*. Simply amazing.
Station Ten: *Fainting In Coils*. Parlay that single into a huge hit guys.

Saturday, August 5th
Rising Sun: *Mango* and *Sir Monti*.
Tycoon: *Ray Condo* and gang.
Foufounes: *MaiJing*. Only \$4.00. Wow, 4 bucks.
American Rock Cafe: *I See Red*. So.
Forum: *Debbie Gibson*. HAHA-HAHA... 'nuff said.
Station Ten: *Scat Man Go*. Wherever.

Sunday, August 6th
Rising Sun: Reggae Jam with *Mango*.
American Rock Cafe: *Welcome Home*. Yaya...
Station Ten: *Wild Frontier*. Some wild-life show.

Monday, August 7th
Rising Sun: Blue Monday Jam session with *Billy Martin* and the *Soul Jets*.
Foufounes: Black Monday. Gee, what day is this?
Station Ten: Battle of the Bands with *Up In Arms* and *Savage Garden*.

Tuesday, August 8th
Rising Sun: Dance Hall Reggae.
Foufounes: *Kliche*. Another type of soils are Entisols, these are soils without pedogenic horizons on recent alluvium, dune sands etc... they are varied in appearance. Found in Labrador, Australia, South Africa, and parts of South America.
Spectrum: Festival des Rhythmes Du Monde begins. Until the 12th.
Station Ten: *Ashes and Whiskey*. I hate when that happens at a party when you put your beer to your mouth and someone has thrown a butt inside. Yech.

Wednesday, August 9th
Rising Sun: Dance Hall Reggae with *Mango 3*.
Rialto: *Bad Brains* finally get here. \$15.50 to get in in advance and \$20 big ones at the door. Another type of soil are Histosols which are organic soils, bogs, peats and mucks. They are wholly or partially saturated with water. In the Northwest Territories, mainly around Hudson's Bay is where you'll find this soil.
Cafe Campus: *13 Engines*. Overrated Canadian Pop just been signed to an American label.

Station Ten: Jam session with *Rob Macdonald*. No, not Ronald Macdonald, wisen up.

Thursday, August 10th
FOUFOUNES: REARGARDE BENEFIT. NOW IF THERE'S A WEEKEND TO GO OUT THIS MONTH THIS IS IT. I KNOW, I KNOW THE EXPOS ARE DOING GREAT BUT HEY, SUPPORT US A BIT. TONIGHT WE'VE GOT FIVE BANDS GOING. THEY ARE AS FOLLOWS: *HIGH YELLOW*, *ALTERNATIVE INUITS*, *INFAMOUS BASTARDS* (NEXT MONTH CHICO IS DOING THE LISTINGS WITH ME) (next month Chico's in Brazil just so he doesn't have to do the listings with you—ed.), *SCHLONK* and *HAZY AZURE*. FIVE BANDS FOR \$6.00. THAT WORKS OUT TO \$1.20 A BAND. GET OFF YOUR ASS AND COME DOWN FOR ALL THREE NIGHTS. SPECIAL WEEKEND PASS IS ONLY \$19 AND AN AUTOGRAPHED PICTURE OF ME INCLUDED. PHONE REARGARDE AND ASK FOR IT. BY THE WAY, SUPPORT THE ZINE, EVEN IF THEY DO MAKE LOUSY BUSINESS CARDS. NOTHING ELSE MATTERS.

Friday, August 11th
FOUFOUNES: NIGHT TWO OF THE FABULOUS REARGARDE BENEFIT. FIVE MORE COOL BANDS ARE UP. THEY ARE: *HUGE GROOVE*, *RISE*, *JERRY JERRY AND THE WARREN CAMPBELLS*, *THE HODADS* AND THE ONE AND ONLY *ASEXUALS*. TJ, I WANT TO SING A DUET WITH YOU ON ONE OF THE SONGS OFF YOUR NEW ALBUM. THAT'S A CHALLENGE MY MAN. AGAIN, GET YOUR TIX FOR ONLY 6 BILLS AND ASK ABOUT THE WEEKEND PASS. NOTHING ELSE MATTERS.

Saturday, August 12th
FOUFOUNES: REARGARDE BENEFIT, NIGHT THREE. TONIGHT AGAIN FIVE BANDS FOR ONLY 6 BUCKS. HERE YA GOT *BROKEN SMILE*, *RIPCORDZ*, *THE NORTHERN VULTURES*, *GROOVY AARDVAARK* AND *ME, MOM & MORGENTALER*. COME DOWN AND JUMP AROUND AND SPIT ALL OVER THE PLACE. CIAO BABES. NOTHING ELSE MATTERS.

Sunday, August 13th
Rising Sun: Reggae Jamdown with *Mango*.
Foufounes: *Problem Children* from somewhere west of here. 5 big ones for this one.
American Rock Cafe: *Morning After*. Not with you guys.
Station Ten: The Resurrection of Elvis. I won't ask.

Monday, August 14th
Rising Sun: Blue Monday Jam session.
Foufounes: Black Monday.
Station Ten: Battle of the Bands with *Playhouse* and the *Bargain Hunters*. Another kind of soil is Inceptisols or immature, weakly developed soils, pedogenic horizons show alteration but little illuvation, which is too bad because we all could use a little illuviation. It's usually moist. Northern Russia and Northern Canada are examples.

Tuesday, August 15th
Rising Sun: *Mango 3*.
Foufounes: *Scared Reich*, *Forbidden* and *Leprosy*. Prices are 10 and 12 bucks.
Forum: Trust me on this one. This one is legit and even true. I didn't make it up. Appearing tonight is, is, is... the *Bee-Gees*.
Station Ten: *Elvis Wars*. Do they use Elvis bullets and Elvis guns?

Wednesday, August 16th
Rising Sun: *Mango 3*.
Foufounes: *Happy Monday* from England. They're two days late.
Cafe Campus: Record launch for *les Parfait Salouads*. A 45 launch—don't they know the 45 is dead.
Station Ten: *Elvis Lives*. What's going on here? Elvis, Elvis, Elvis for the past week. I think Elvis is the guy who comes in in the afternoon to sweep up Station Ten. He must own stock in the joint. (well, let's face it, there's no such thing as too much of Elvis—ed.)

Thursday, August 17th
Rising Sun: *Mango 3* and *Sir Monti*.
Foufounes: Three bands for 6 bucks. *Birth Defects*, *Ripcordz* and the *Alternative Inuits*. Another kind of soil is Molisols which are thick, black, organic and rich surface soil and a high base supply. It's okay I don't understand it either. Found mostly in middle Asia, middle Europe and the Mid-western United States.
Station Ten: *Troubadour*. No doubt an Elvis tribute band.

Friday, August 18th
Rising Sun: *Imperial Force* are back.
Tycoon: *Disfunction* and *Silent Scream*. Does anybody ever go to this place?
Foufounes: *Rare Air*. Celtic Folk from Toronto.
American Rock Cafe: *Dillinger*.
Station Ten: *Jerry Jerry and the Warren Campbells*.

Saturday, August 19th
Rising Sun: *Imperial Force*.
Tycoon: *Kliche*.
American Rock Cafe: *Dillinger*.
Station Ten: *Jerry Jerry and the Warren Campbells*. Some topsoil to think about would be Oxisols which are deeply weathered tropical and sub-tropical soils. These are rich in sesquioxides of

iron and aluminum, low in nutrients (so don't eat it), limited productivity without fertilizer.

Sunday, August 20th
Rising Sun: Reggae Jamdown with *Mango*.
American Rock Cafe: *The Sparkling Days*. Whoever they are, probably a Def Leppard cover band.
Station Ten: *YCK Inc.* They are appropriately named.

Monday, August 21st
Rising Sun: Blue Monday Jam session.
Station Ten: *Amen* and the *Scraps*. The Scraps are the *Darned* without Donna.

Tuesday, August 22nd
Rising Sun: Dance Hall reggae.
Station Ten: *Frozen Soul*. Krygenics (Krygenics? Is that when they freeze Superman?—ed.) or whatever it's called. Another kind of soil is Spodosols which are soils with a subsurface accumulation of amorphous materials overlaid by a light, colored, leached sandy horizon. Montreal with the rest of North Eastern North America is included here along with Eastern Russia.

Wednesday, August 23rd
Rising Sun: Dance Hall Reggae. This is the last listing for the Rising Sun for this month, see ya later.
Cafe Campus: Wow, a t-shirt launch with *Me, Mom & Morgentaler*.
Station Ten: Jam session with *Rick James*.

Thursday, August 24th
Forum: Yes, no. It's *Anderson, Bruford, Wakeman & Howe*. When I was in High School I was listening to the Clash and Bruce Springsteen and Motown. Most of my friends were listening to Genesis, Pink Floyd and these guys, except then they were known as Yes. So relieve those days and take stupid drugs and fry your brain and puke and go home. Have fun.
Station Ten: *Decades* and guest. Tonight the 50's.

Friday, August 25th
Foufounes: Amok showcase with the *Whirlygigs*, *Teknakuller*, *Raincoats* and *Fluid Waffle*. Ah, why not.
American Rock Cafe: *ESP*. I knew that.
Forum: The Cure, possibly with the *Pixies*. If so, then I'll go.
Station Ten: *Three O'Clock Train* returns. We'll see who's in the band this time. I bet you Mack is in them. Another kind of soil is Ultisols which are soils with subsurface clay accumulation, a low base supply, usually moist and a low inorganic matter which can be productive with fertilization.

Saturday, August 26th
Tycoon: *Reverse* and *J'son*. Yup.
American Rock Cafe: You know who... *ESP*.
Forum: *Cinderella*. Wow, what a busy week at the Forum.
Station Ten: The *Three O'Clock Train* are comin' back, at least according to this they are. I wonder if the two Daves and one Tim will be around for this one.

Sunday, August 27th
Foufounes: Mini-Golf Tournament with some big names celebrities (Gee I haven't even been asked yet). The reason they built that thing was because they saw rats climbing into holes there and thought hey, what the hell let's make a mini-put course. Sounds great to me.
American Rock Cafe: *Top House*.
Station Ten: The *Wet Bags*, sounds like some old friends of mine.

Monday, August 28th
Station Ten: Battle of the Bands but they don't know who the bands are. Since this is the only listing for today I'll have to go with some more soil. How about Vertisols which are soils with high content of swelling slays, deep wide cracks in dry periods and dark coloured. India and Australia feature this soil type.

Tuesday, August 29th
Station Ten: *Scratch & Sniff*. Nothing else is going on so why not.

Wednesday, August 30th
Cafe Campus: *Bourbon Tabernacle Choir*.
Station Ten: Jam session with *Rob Macdonald*.

Thursday, August 31st
Station Ten: *Raw Hex*. To close off the listings and the soilings we have Mountain Soils. They are soils with various moisture and temperature regimes, steep slopes and variable relief and elevation. These soils tend to vary greatly within short distance. This of course can be found anywhere there's a mountain.

WHAT'S UP

American Rock Café: 2080 Aylme. 288-9272
Café Campus: 3315 Queen Mary. 735-1259
Club Soda: 5240 Park. 270-7848
Concordia University: 1455 de Maisonneuve.
Foufounes Electriques: 97 Ste Catherine St. E. 845-5484

Grand Café: 1720 St. Denis 849-6955
Montreal Forum: 2313 Ste. Catherine W. 932-2582
Peel Pub: 1106 de Maisonneuve W. 845-9002
Rising Sun: 286 Ste Catherine St. W. 861-0657
SAS: 382 Mayor
Spectrum: 318 Ste. Catherine St. W. 861-5851
Station 10: 2071 Ste. Catherine St. W. 934-0484
Theatre St. Denis: 1594 St. Denis. 849-4211
Thunderdome: 1252 Stanley. 397-1628
Tycoon: 96 Sherbrooke St. W.

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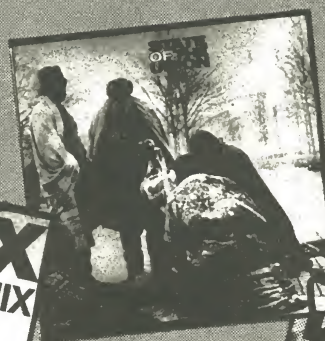
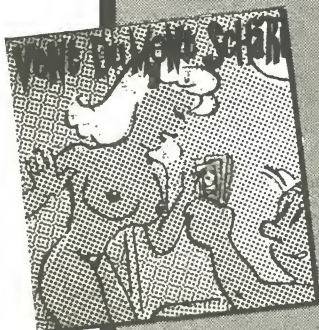
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